CANADA'S HISTORY

FORMERLY THE BEAVER

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On the cover

This portrait of Lakota leader Sitting Bull was taken by David Frances Barry, likely after 1881. Many of Barry's photos became iconic images of the American West.

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COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Remembering Vimy Ridge
A hundred years after the seminal battle, historian Tim Cook writes about the Vimy memorial, a monument so large and powerful that it seems almost un-Canadian. Plus: Montreal when it was Ville-Marie, 375 years ago. And an Inuk poet shares her difficult memories of attending residential school in the Northwest Territories.

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Framing the past

In the late 1800s, white photographers realized that there was money to be made by heading into the Old West to photograph the rapidly fading world of "cowboys and Indians."

At the time, Indigenous peoples of the United States were being forced from their traditional lands at gunpoint and exiled to remote reserves to begin the process of "becoming civilized."

Some photographers were sympathetic to the plight of First Peoples, but others saw their subjects as commodities to be exploited.

Today, the thousands of photos taken during this era offer a skewed vision of the past. The vast majority of images were shot by white photographers who framed the discussion and cropped out the inconvenient truth. The subjects of these photos were often told to pose with props, such as tomahawks and peace pipes, to enhance their "Indianness."

The images reinforced white stereotypes of the "vanishing Indian" while turning a blind eye to the plight of dispossessed Aboriginal peoples.

In this issue, we feature a story on one of the most famous — and most photographed — Indigenous leaders of the nineteenth century: Sitting Bull.

The Lakota Sioux war chief famously defeated American Lieutenant Colonel George Custer's 7th Cavalry Regiment at the Battle of the Greasy Grass (also known as the Battle of the Little Bighorn or Custer's Last Stand) in 1876. The conflict was a seminal moment in American history — but it was a crucial moment in Canadian history, too.

After the fight, Sitting Bull and his followers sought refuge in Canada, igniting an intense debate between Canada and the United States over border sovereignty and transborder Indigenous rights.

In selecting our cover image, as well as the interior feature photos, we needed to consider the troubling legacy of nineteenth-century photography of Indigenous peoples.

The commercialization, cultural appropriation and outright exploitation involved in producing some of the photos are subjects of debate in academic and Indigenous communities.

For guidance, I spoke to Mark Holman, a member of the Standing Rock reservation in South Dakota. Standing Rock is the ancestral home of Sitting Bull as well as his burial place.

Holman is the library director and photo archivist for Sitting Bull College, which is operated by the Lakota/Dakota Nation and is home to the largest collection of Sitting Bull photos in the world.

Holman says the Lakota/Dakota are certainly aware of the problematic nature of early photos of Indigenous peoples.

"They understand the context," he said. "They are products of the history at the time, colonizers coming in and basically taking what they wanted from Sitting Bull and the Lakota people, and defining it in the colonizers' way."

Despite this, these photos are still valued for what they symbolize.

"The photos are an inspiration," Holman said. "Sitting Bull is a symbol of that time, when ... the Lakota/Dakota Nation was up against the United States, fighting for land and life. He's a symbol of that resistance. A guy who stood up and said no!"

On another level, these photos also represent family: cousins, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, grandparents. As such, they are to be cherished and shared.

"People are glad that somebody has taken these pictures, no matter the context," Holman said. "People are just happy to get a photo of their ancestor."

For *Canada's History*, these primary-source materials offer valuable insights into historical relationships between Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples. But they need to be treated with sensitivity and considered in the context of the era in which they were taken.

Hopefully, these photos will encourage further dialogue and understanding among all Canadians.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

Garrett Wilson authored "Refugee Crisis." He is a distinguished lawyer who has written several bestsellers, including *Frontier Farewell: The 1870s and the End of the Old West,* winner of the 2008 Saskatchewan Book Prize for scholarly writing. A second edition came out in 2014.

Mike Commito co-authored our story about bears as pets, mascots, and roadside attractions. He is a historian and the applied research developer at Cambrian College in Sudbury, Ontario. He is currently writing a book about black bear management in Ontario.

Ben Bradley is the co-writer of "Beyond Winnie." He is an author and postdoctoral researcher in history and classics at the University of Alberta.

Mary Frances Coady wrote the feature "Letters from Pauline." She is the author of nine books, including *Georges and Pauline Vanier: Portrait of a Couple* (McGill-Queen's University Press), which was published in 2011.

François-Xavier De Ruydts wrote and photographed our feature on Canada's volcanic history. He specializes in adventure sports and natural history as an editorial photographer and documentary filmmaker.

Jon Dellandrea wrote about nineteenth-century artist Francis Fitz Roy Dixon. He is a Toronto-based foundation executive, art historian, and a senior fellow of Massey College. In 1996 he was appointed to the Order of Canada. He is currently writing a book on the life and art of Francis Fitz Roy Dixon.

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Good times

I read with interest Mairi Cowan's account of the early French explorers' and settlers' experiences of winter in Canada ["Season of Good Cheer," December 2016-January 2017].

My father was employed with the Canadian Pacific Railway and often visited the areas in Nova Scotia that were first settled by the French. I still have his certificate admitting him as an honourary member of the Order of the Good Time. It is dated 1946 and signed by then Governor General Viscount Alexander. On the certificate there is a picture of Samuel de Champlain flanking that of Lord Alexander. Today, of course, it would be in both official langauges.

W.J. Curran
Ottawa

Editor's note: Nova Scotia continues to offer all visitors membership into the Order of the Good Time — modelled on Champlain's 1606 L'Ordre de Bon Temps. The only requirements are to have a good time, to remember Nova Scotians fondly, to speak of Nova Scotians kindly, and to make a return visit. Nova Scotia's lieutenant governor serves as the honourary grand master of the order.

Indigenous realities

I never thought of myself as a history buff. However, never was history made as alive and fascinating as it is in your magazine.

I have been a reader for many years now and the articles that keep me renewing my subscription are those on Canada's Indigenous history. I was schooled at a time when nothing was said about the reality of our First Nations. Thank you, *Canada's History*.

Sylvie Léger
Ottawa

Reel news

Regarding the article "Scooping the War" [October-November 2016]: I have had a copy of the Canadian Army Newsreels for some years.

They are quite interesting to watch, but we were watching them with no background information as to how they came to be or what they really were. We did not understand why, at first, only training was shown and later, as the war years moved on, there was more actual action in the war.

Your article gave us the background that we were missing: the why, the what and the how. Thanks!

In case any readers are interested, they are available in complete form (106 newsreels on six DVDs) from The War Amps (waramps.ca) for $20.

Sylvia Borstlap
Haywood, Manitoba

The great ones

I thoroughly enjoyed your historical look at the National Hockey League ["The Greatest Game," December 2016-January 2017] over one hundred years and your hockey contest asking for the greatest Canadian players of all time.

Of course, one cannot cover all the great names of Canadian hockey, but there were two names that were notable by their omission: Bobby Orr and Mario Lemieux. In my mind, they were two of the absolute best.

David Douglas
Toronto

Ukrainian landmarks

Thank you for the fascinating "Prairie Icons" article by Bryan and Sterling Demchinsky [Destinations, December 2016-January 2017].

It sheds light on a fascinating and vibrant culture often overlooked but still evident on today's vast central plains.

David Matthews
Scottsdale, Arizona

Wilfrid's ways

I never knew much about Wilfrid Laurier ["Laurier's Sunny Ways," October-November 2016] and I found the article highly readable as well as accessible.

Very good work!

Colleen Wendeboom
Whitby, Ontario

De Monts gets his due

The article "Kingly Connections" [August-September 2016] concerning Samuel de Champlain asks, "Can we call him sieur?"

Three prominent biographers of Champlain — Samuel E. Morison, Marcel Trudel, and Morris Bishop — have, in effect, answered no to that question. Morison wrote that Champlain was not "strictly entitled" to either be called sieur or to use the title "de."

The founding of Quebec was spearheaded by Pierre Du Gua, Sieur de Monts. It was de Monts who hired Champlain and directed him to set up a fur-trading post at Quebec. De Monts has not received the recognition he deserves.

George and Terry Goulet
Sechelt, British Columbia

Erratum

In the December 2016-January 2017 feature "The Greatest Game," photos were collectively credited to the Hockey Hall of Fame, but we inadvertently omitted the following names: Paul Bereswill, Graphic Artists, Imperial Oil-Turofsky, Louis Jaques, Doug MacLellan, Matthew Manor, Mecca, Miles Nadal, O-Pee-Chee, Frank Prazak, Portnoy, Chris Relke, and Dave Sanford. For the complete list of credits and captions, go to: CanadasHistory.ca/GreatestGame.

During the fur trade era, outposts regularly received "packets" of correspondence. Email your comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.

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IMAGE: Cornelius (Kooneeloosee) Nutarak (Pond Inlet), *Using Blubber to Make Fuel* (detail), 1964, graphite and pencil crayon on paper. Canadian Museum of History (IV-C-6952)

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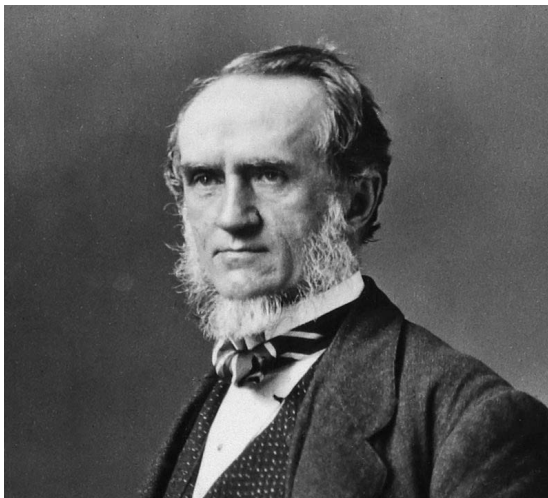


PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES

Celebrating a unique vision of Canada

New exhibit explores the legacy of an influential Montreal photographer

He turned a lens on our nation and documented the growth of our country. Along the way, he broke new ground in terms of technical innovation and inspired new generations of photographers with his unique vision.

William Notman is a towering figure in Canadian photography.

From 1860 to 1900, he took thousands of images, often using pioneering darkroom techniques to create beautiful and compelling composite images. He was also an astute businessman and opened at least twenty-six franchised studios in Canada and the United States.

Now the Notman legacy is the subject of a major exhibit that is tied to celebrations surrounding the upcoming 375th anniversary of the founding of Montreal and the 150th anniversary of Confederation.

Notman, A Visionary Photographer is presented by the McCord Museum in Montreal and features three hundred images and objects from the museum's extensive Notman collection.

While Notman regularly photographed the elite of early Canada — such as politicians and their families and other prominent citizens — he also shot slice-of-life photos and stunning landscapes and portraits that offer a unique vision of life in nineteenth-century Canada. And he made great advances in composite photography, merging many different images into one larger photograph.

The exhibit launched in November 2016 and runs at the McCord until March 26, 2017, before travelling to the Canadian Museum of History in Gatineau, Quebec, and then to the Glenbow Museum in Calgary. *— Mark Collin Reid*

Clockwise from top left: Stormy day, Saint Catherine Street, Montreal, 1901; Annie McDougall in Notman's studio, Montreal, 1888; View of Ottawa from Rideau Falls, Ontario, 1869; Kahnawà:ke lacrosse team, 1876; Percé, Quebec, about 1901; William Notman, 1875, A bridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway, British Columbia, 1889; A. H. Buxton, Montreal, 1887.

MCCORD

QUIRKS

Lights … Canadians … Action!

Don't tell the Americans, but many of Hollywood's earliest stars were actually born in the Great White North.

JAY SILVERHEELS The Lone Ranger's loyal sidekick, Tonto, was played by a Canadian. Jay Silverheels was born Harold J. Smith in 1912 on the Six Nations of the Grand River Reserve, in Ontario, and began acting in 1938. Handsome and athletic, Silverheels spent his early career playing various "Indian" characters before being cast in 1949 to co-star in *The Lone Ranger*. He died in 1980.

LORNE GREENE During the Second World War, the CBC news broadcaster-turned-actor was known as the "Voice of Doom" for his resonant voice and often-grave news reports. In later years, the Ottawa native found international fame as Ben Cartwright, the cowboy patriarch and star of the long-running television series *Bonanza*. He also played Commander Adama in the popular science fiction series *Battlestar Galactica*. Born Lyon Himan Green in 1915, the actor, news presenter, and television pitchman died in 1987.

MARY PICKFORD "America's sweetheart" was really a Canadian, born Gladys Louise Smith in 1892 at Toronto. She was arguably the biggest star of the silent film era and had a major impact on the industry when she, together with fellow stars Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, founded the United Artists film studio, for the first time giving actors unparalleled powers in producing films. She won an Academy Award in 1929 for her first "talkie" film, *Coquette*. Pickford died in 1979.

ALAMY STOCK, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MARIE DRESSLER This Cobourg, Ontario, native got her start on Broadway in 1892 and quickly became a vaudeville star. In 1914 she received top billing over Charlie Chaplin in the film *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. Her career waned in the early 1920s until the advent of sound in film. She won an Academy Award for *Min and Bill* (1930) and received another Oscar nomination the next year for *Emma*. One of Hollywood's top box office draws, Dressler died in 1934.

LOUIS B. MAYER This iconic film producer and impresario was born in 1884 in the Russian empire but spent his childhood and teenage years in Saint John, New Brunswick. After heading south in search of a career in show business, Mayer found financial and critical success as a film producer. He helped turn Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer into the most powerful and influential movie studio of the golden age of Hollywood. Mayer died in 1957.

— Mark Collin Reid, with photo research by Evan Reid.

ALAMY STOCK, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Rolph Huband, left, and author Pierre Berton, right, in 1994.

A tribute to Rolph Huband

This issue of *Canada's History* is dedicated to Allen Rolph Huband, publisher emeritus of this magazine, who died November 20, 2016, in Oakville, Ontario.

Huband spent his entire career with the Hudson's Bay Company, first in Winnipeg, then in Toronto, retiring as vice-president and secretary. To those who knew him, in whatever capacity, he was always a gentleman — kind, calm, perceptive, smart, and a remarkable leader. He could take legitimate claim to being the architect of many milestones in recent Canadian history, something he would, in his unassuming manner, downplay rather than celebrate. Here are some examples:

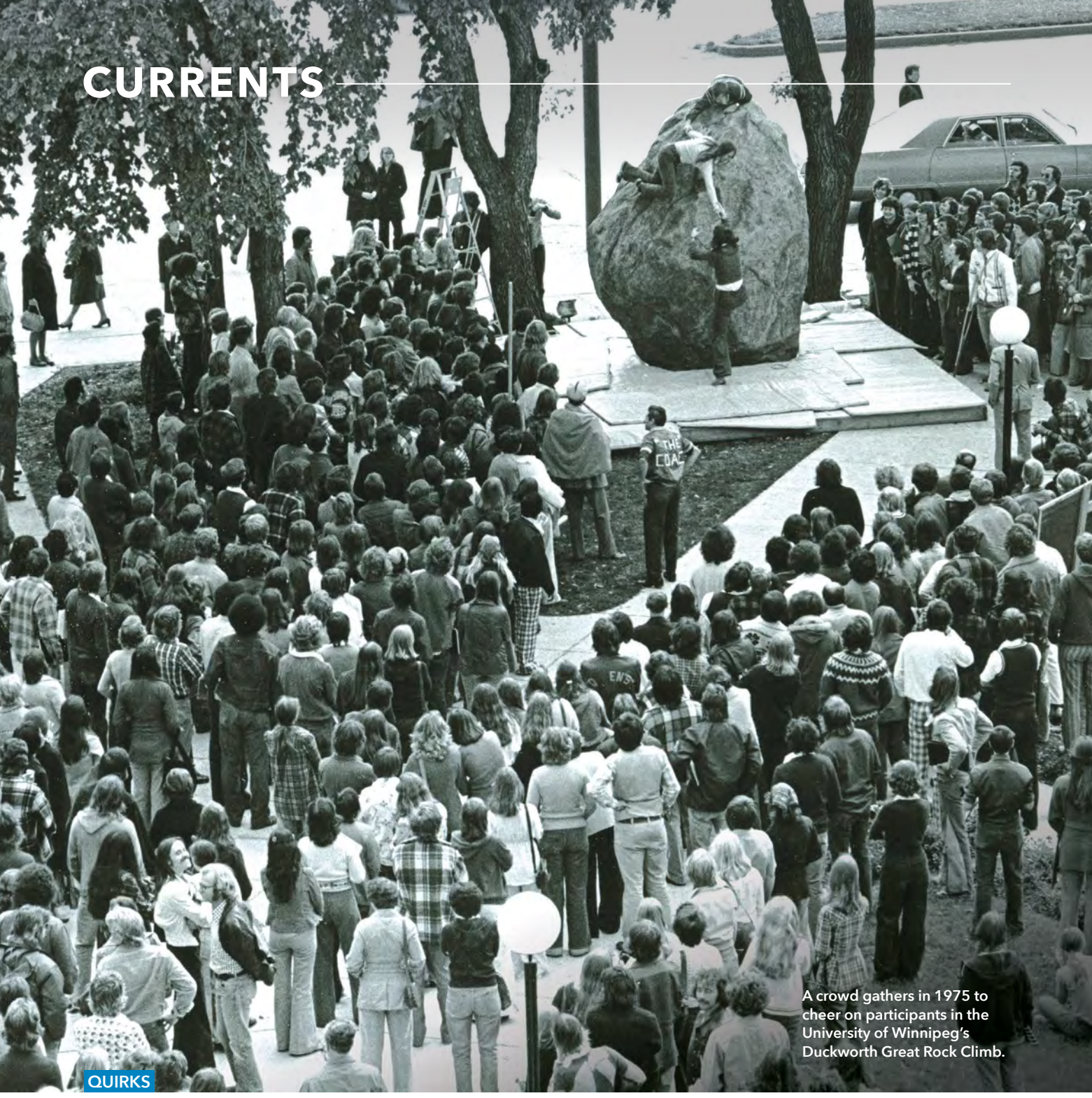
After the transfer of the company's head office from England to Canada in 1970, Huband oversaw the relocation of its corporate archives, dating back to the seventeenth century, from London, England, to the Archives of Manitoba and the transfer of the company's ten-thousand-piece artifact collection to the Manitoba Museum.

He was also deeply involved in the company's three-hundredth anniversary celebrations in 1970, which included the building of a replica of the ship *Nonsuch*, now a star attraction at the Manitoba Museum. It was his initiative that established the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation and created Canada's National History Society in 1994 to ensure the continued publication of *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History*) and to bring history to a wider audience.

Not only was he the society's founding chair, he also conceived one of the society's initial programs, the Pierre Berton Award.

Rolph Huband was a man blessed with an unparalleled vision of Canadian history. Canadians, today and for generations to come, will all benefit from his exceptional enlightenment and foresight.

– Laird Rankin, former publisher of *The Beaver*.



A crowd gathers in 1975 to cheer on participants in the University of Winnipeg's Duckworth Great Rock Climb.

QUIRKS

Higher education

This rock rocks! You can find this supersized stone in front of the University of Winnipeg. For the past forty-five years, students have teamed up and competed to see which squad could race up the 3.05-metre rock the fastest. The record for what is known as the Duckworth Great Rock Climb was set in 1979, at 9.4 seconds.

The boulder was placed at the site in 1971 to mark the centennial of Manitoba College, the precursor to the University of Winnipeg. The thirteen-tonne stone monument was removed from a gravel pit in Gull Lake, at what was once the shore of glacial Lake Agassiz, a body of water that covered much of Manitoba after the last ice age.

This rock is big, but, compared with the Okotoks Erratic outside of Calgary, it's just a pebble. That 16,500-tonne giant inspired the name of Alberta's Big Rock Brewery.

– Evan Reid is a student at Winnipeg's Nelson McIntyre Collegiate

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG ARCHIVES 4-7 88-823 1

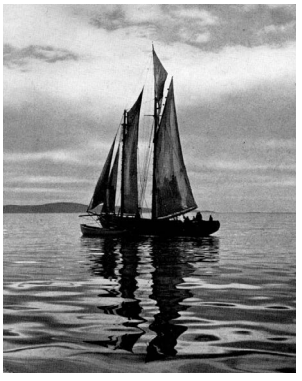
HUDSON'S BAY

Snow goggles

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

Snow goggles were designed to reduce the amount of sunlight reflecting off the snow, preventing snow blindness when outdoors. Snow blindness is essentially sunburn of the eyes, and vision can be affected for a few days if precautions are not taken. Many Inuit groups made snow goggles to combat this issue, sometimes out of bone, ivory, or, like the ones shown, wood. Imagine travelling across the snow-covered tundra on a bright day without sunglasses, and you can see why snow goggles were invented. The small slits reduce the field of vision and the amount of ultraviolet radiation that reaches the eyes. Little is known about these early twentieth-century goggles, though the record suggests that they are from the Caribou Inuit in Nunavut.
— Amelia Fay, curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum

IN THE BEAVER …



The Beaver's June 1942 issue included several items about living and travelling in the great outdoors. C.N. Stephen provided striking photographs of a "Labrador Voyage," including a church service on board the *Fort Ross*, the imposing headland of Table Hill, and a fishing schooner in calm waters. The same issue featured photos of "Sea Birds of Labrador," such as puffins, auks, and gannets; "Post Gardens," with the blooming flowers and bountiful harvests of employees at Hudson's Bay Company posts; and "Trout along the Albany," where Edwin Mills detailed a northern Ontario fishing adventure. "News Pictures" included an April 1942 visit to Manitoba's Lower Fort Garry by the Earl of Athlone, then Canada's Governor General, and his wife, Princess Alice. There was a profile of long-serving river pilot John Berens and an obituary for chief trader William "Paddy" Gibson, who had perished that February in an airplane accident. A photo of stacked "Canoes at Mistassinny" graced the contents page, and a photo essay by Lynus R. Pattee outlined the careful building of a birchbark canoe, until "the moment arrives when the finished canoe is placed in the water, and sets out on its maiden voyage — a thing of beauty and simplicity."

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/TradingPost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage**.

ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 98-1349) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

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Maclean's, founded in 1905, is increasingly focused on digital publishing.

Turning the page

Digital future for venerable magazine

In September, *Maclean's* announced it would cease publishing the print edition of its weekly newsmagazine early in 2017. Only an online edition and a monthly print edition now survive.

Could this be the end of the century-long story of "Canada's magazine?"

John Bayne Maclean, a southern Ontario preacher's kid, got into journalism in Toronto in the 1880s. Canadian industries and commerce were booming, and Maclean launched his publishing empire with *Canadian Grocer*. In 1905 he began the businessman's magazine that became *Maclean's*. He dropped the capital L from the magazine's name and also from his own.

Aside from publishing, Maclean's great love was the Canadian militia. As Colonel Maclean, a lifelong weekend soldier, he was often photographed in lavish military uniforms. Yet in February 1918, in the darkest days of the First World War, he wrote a *Maclean's* story with a shocking headline: "Why We are Losing the War." His blunt opinion must have come like a punch in the stomach to tens of thousands of grieving Canadians yearning for eventual victory.

The Canadian government quickly issued an order-in-council forbidding any "adverse or unfavourable statement, report, or opinion, concerning the action of Canada … in prosecuting the war." But Maclean was hardly deterred. He had been a proud imperialist, dedicated to Crown and Empire. Now he concluded that Britain's mismanagement of the war meant Canada was "more likely to drift into independence after the war than into closer relations with the Mother Country."

Maclean and his magazine were like that: feisty and opinionated but growing steadily more attuned to the Canadian readers and consumers who supported *Maclean's* as a general-interest magazine. Maclean was a Conservative, but he turned against Prime Minister R.B. Bennett as the Depression took hold. With the 1935 federal election looming, his sales staff decided to sell the Liberal Party on a lavish ad in *Maclean's*. Party HQ was doubtful. To convince them, the ad men mocked up an ad with the slogan "It's King or Chaos!"

The Liberals bought the ad — and adopted the slogan, too. William Lyon Mackenzie King swept back into power, and Maclean donated the price of the ad back to the party coffers.

Maclean died in 1950. Led by editors Arthur Irwin and Ralph Allen, both passionately committed to telling Canadian stories to Canadian readers, *Maclean's* continued to thrive. It became home to talented artists, photographers, cartoonists, and such writers as Pierre Berton, June Callwood, Clyde Gilmour, Christina McCall, Peter Newman, and W.O. Mitchell.

In the 1970s, as the day of the general-interest magazine faded, Newman, by then *Maclean's* editor, launched the long fight to create Canada's first weekly newsmagazine, despite the power of foreign rivals led by the "Canadian" edition of *Time*. Finally, in 1978, the now-familiar weekly edition of *Maclean's* the newsmagazine debuted.

Time's Canadian edition ceased publication in 2008, beaten less by *Maclean's* than by the digital transformation that was challenging all the old giants of print media. Now *Maclean's* itself is embracing digital. Will its bet on remaining "Canada's magazine" in digital form pay off? Old magazine hands gloomily joke that digital subscriptions are like gym memberships. Everybody has one — but nobody goes.

But perhaps old media are going to solve the puzzles of the digital universe, and *Maclean's*, since 1994 a branch of Rogers Communications, will find new success in its new form. No doubt Colonel Maclean would be there in the thick of the fight.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of Canada's History.

A Sioux camp in winter, possibly at Fort Walsh, North-West Territories (now Saskatchewan).

REFUGEE CRISIS

When thousands of Sioux people from the Dakota territory escaped into Canada with the American army hot on their heels, an international crisis soon followed.

by Garrett Wilson

ON DECEMBER 17, 1876, TWELVE SIOUX CHIEFS, clad in buffalo robes, crowded into the cramped quarters of a log trading post on the eastern side of Wood Mountain in what is now southern Saskatchewan. After ensuring they were safe, they introduced themselves to Quebec-born trader Jean-Louis Légaré as American refugees. The next day they returned in larger numbers, seeking supplies and ammunition. Légaré sent word of their presence to the North West Mounted Police (NWMP) detachment at Fort Walsh, about 288 kilometres away.

It was just the beginning. Over the next few months, thousands of Sioux refugees would pour over the border, seeking to escape retribution from the United States Army after its defeat at the Battle of the Little Bighorn — also called the Battle of the Greasy Grass or Custer's Last Stand. Légaré and Walsh tried to help them while officials on both sides of the border argued over how to resolve the situation.

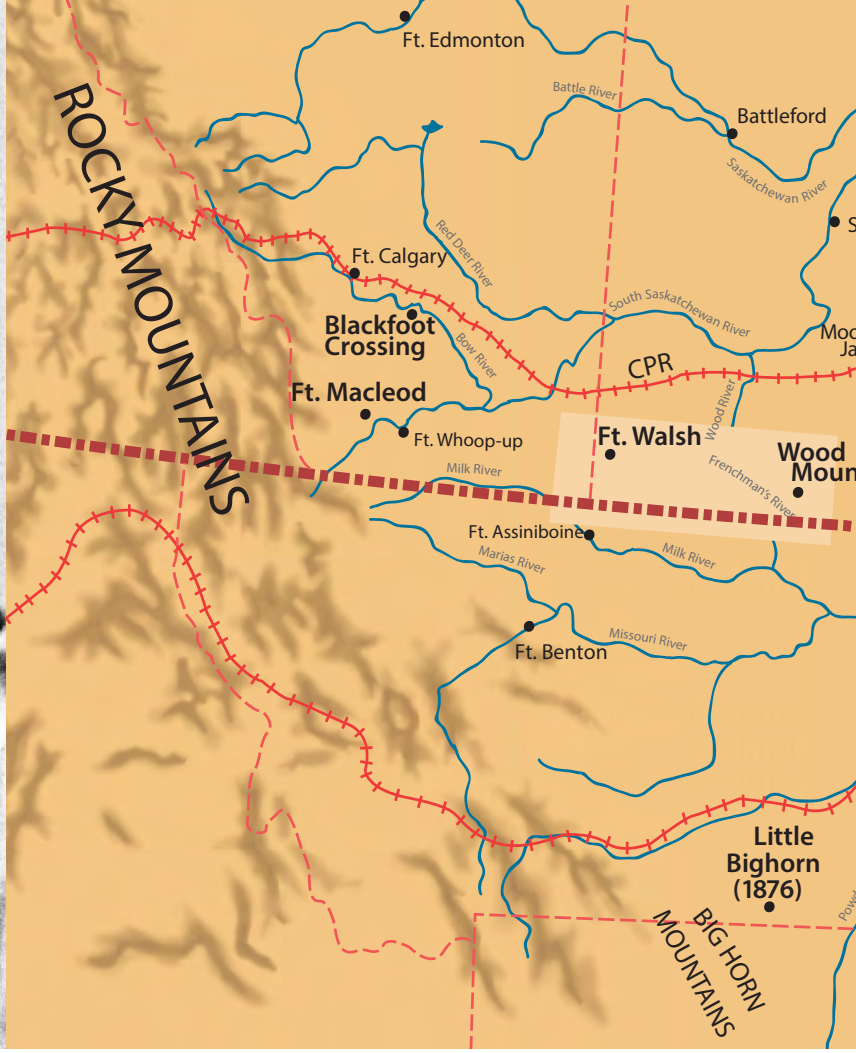
The influx of refugees was not unexpected. In Ottawa, Canadian officials had been keeping a close eye on the activities of the United States Army and its treatment of the many American Indian tribes on the western plains. In February 1876, in clear violation of the 1868 Laramie treaty, America had declared war on a large number of Sioux, demanding that they surrender to reservation life.

It seemed likely that the Sioux would choose to escape into Canada. Hugh Richardson, deputy minister of justice in Ottawa, warned that they might use Canadian soil "as a base for predatory and hostile operations." He even predicted with uncanny foresight where they would cross. On May 26, 1876, Richardson sent a warning to NWMP Assistant Commissioner A.C. Irvine at Fort Macleod (located in what is now southwestern Alberta) suggesting that "the place to which these escaping parties … would make, might be somewhere in the vicinity of Wood Mountain."

The Wood Mountain uplands would not be a small target anywhere but on the vast western plains. It has many buttes and benches with deep, spring-fed coulees, and stretches some 160 kilometres from east to west, extending perhaps 30 kilometres north of the forty-ninth parallel. The uplands lie roughly 160 to 320 kilometres east of the Cypress Hills and the NWMP post at Fort Walsh.

What prompted the United States to turn against the Sioux and cause them to flee into Canada? In 1874, an army expedition under Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer explored the Black Hills and reported the widespread presence of gold. There was no holding back the white prospectors, and they swarmed into the hills by the thousands.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-4452-5



Sitting Bull in 1885, as photographed by William Notman of Montreal.

The Black Hills belonged to the Sioux. Sioux ownership of the hills was first agreed upon in 1851. The 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie went further, requiring the American army to prevent white encroachment into the hills. It also provided that no sale of the hills would be valid without the written approval of three fourths of the adult males of the Sioux nation.

The American government tried to buy the Black Hills from the Sioux, but the tribal leaders refused. Then it tried to change the terms of the treaty by paying annual rent to the Sioux in exchange for safe passage for prospectors and settlers. This too was rejected by the chiefs. The editorialists of the newspaper *Yankton Press & Dakotaian* were among many who expressed frustration with the treaty and saw it as a barrier to development. "What shall be done with these Indian dogs in our manger? They will not dig gold or let others do it."

Finally, in November 1875, in a secret meeting at the White House, U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant instructed his military commanders to discontinue any further protection of the Black Hills. The following February, the American government illegally declared war on the Sioux — the army was ordered to attack any who were found off the reservation, even if they were on traditional lands to which they had hunting rights.

In June 1876, the army planned a three-pronged attack on a large gathering of Sioux and Cheyenne at the Greasy Grass River in the Bighorn Mountains in present-day Montana. Lieutenant Colonel George Custer, commanding the 7th Cavalry, jumped the gun, expecting the warriors and their families to scatter and run, but instead ran into a hornet's nest of resistance. Custer and 265 members of his command were killed in what is popularly known as "Custer's last stand."

Americans, conveniently ignoring the fact that they had been the aggressors, reacted first with shock and then with fury directed against the Sioux and their chosen leader, Sitting Bull (Ta-tanka Yotanka). Sitting Bull is believed to have been forty-five years old at the time of Little Bighorn, an elder who took a lesser part in the engagement. Crazy Horse, Gall, and other chiefs were far more active, but the American army and public singled out Sitting Bull as the prime villain.

Sitting Bull emerged as a fearless leader at a time when atrocities were being committed against his people.

Sitting Bull certainly stood out as a strong leader. He was born to a family of respected Hunkpapa Lakota Sioux warriors and medicine men around 1831 (some sources say 1836). Sitting Bull emerged as a fearless warrior at a time when atrocities were being committed against his people.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES. MAP DETAIL BY MATTHEW YATHON

NWMP Inspector James Morrow Walsh in his buckskin jacket. His superiors complained about his non-standard appearance.

"I hardly sustain myself beneath the weight of white men's blood that I have shed," Sitting Bull told Pierre-Jean De Smet, a sympathetic Jesuit priest, during negotiations leading to the Laramie treaty (which Sitting Bull refused to sign) on June 20, 1868. "The whites provoked the war; their injustices, their indignities to our families, the cruel, unheard of and wholly unprovoked massacre at Fort Lyon … shook all the veins which bind and support me. I rose, tomahawk in hand, and I have done all the hurt to the whites that I could."

After Little Bighorn, the U.S. government was determined to have the Black Hills, and Congress directed that rations due under the Laramie Treaty were to be withheld from those Sioux who had surrendered to reservation life until they ceded ownership of the hills. Disregarding the three-quarters signature requirement of the Laramie treaty, just ten per cent of the Sioux men were rounded up and forced to sign. Among them was Red Cloud, the great Sioux leader whose success in the Powder River War of 1866–68 had caused the United States to agree to the Laramie treaty. Broken by starvation, upon signing over the Black Hills he plaintively asked: "When do we eat?"

In February 1877, Congress ratified the deal, and America had the Black Hills. The consideration for the hills was miniscule. In exchange for rations, the United States seized an immensely rich territory. Just one of its many mines, the Homestake, would recover some 1,245 tonnes of gold before shutting down in 2002.

A century later, the takeover of the Black Hills by the U.S. government was considered by the American courts in litigation brought by the Sioux nation. The Court of Claims was frankly critical when making a judgment on the case in 1975: "The duplicity of President Grant's course and the duress practised on the starving Sioux, speak for themselves. A more ripe and rank case of dishonorable dealings will never, in all probability, be found in our history, which is not, taken as a whole, the disgrace it now pleases some persons to believe."

Promptly after the first wave of Sioux refugees arrived in Canada, NWMP Inspector James Morrow Walsh rode out to Wood Mountain in response to Légaré's call. Walsh, a bold personality who became somewhat of a legend in his own right, found nearly 3,000 men, women, and children crammed into 109 lodges (teepees), plus some 3,500 horses and 30 U.S. government mules. They were camped next to White Eagle's band of Santee Sioux, who had escaped into Canada after the Minnesota Uprising of 1862 and had lived quietly on the Canadian plains ever since.

The new arrivals explained that they were in flight from the Long Knives, as they called the U.S. Cavalry, and wished only to live in peace. Walsh assured them of sanctuary but warned that slipping across the boundary to attack units of the American army would not be permitted and would forfeit their right to live in Canada. The inspector authorized Légaré to sell the desperate Sioux enough ammunition for hunting only and not enough for military use.

In early March, a second band of Sioux crossed the forty-ninth parallel into Canada. The group of fifty-seven lodges of Hunkpapa Lakota was led by Four Horns, a chief who was senior even to Sitting Bull. Walsh found them camped on the Frenchman River, 190

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

kilometres east of Fort Walsh. They had been so hard-pressed by the Long Knives that they were unable to hunt and had been forced to slaughter their horses.

Four Horns explained that they sought only peace and freedom from the Long Knives. He reminded Walsh that his people had sided with the British during the War of 1812. In recognition of their loyalty, they had been given George III medals and had been promised that they could choose at any time to live in Canada. Walsh repeated his earlier lecture about Canadian law, horse theft, and the total prohibition against crossing the border to do battle with the American army.

On May 16, 1877, Crazy Horse, the primary military leader at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, surrendered. That left Sitting Bull and his followers as the only holdouts still on the run from the American army. Later that week, Sitting Bull finally made his move. His band of about a thousand men, women, and children, crammed into 135 lodges, crossed into Canada and set up camp at Pinto Horse Butte on the northwestern flank of the Wood Mountain uplands, 225 kilometres east of Fort Walsh.

Once more Inspector Walsh saddled up and rode out to deliver his standard message on Canadian law. Like the Sioux refugees before him, Sitting Bull claimed his right to be in Canada through an early British connection and insisted he was interested only in peace.

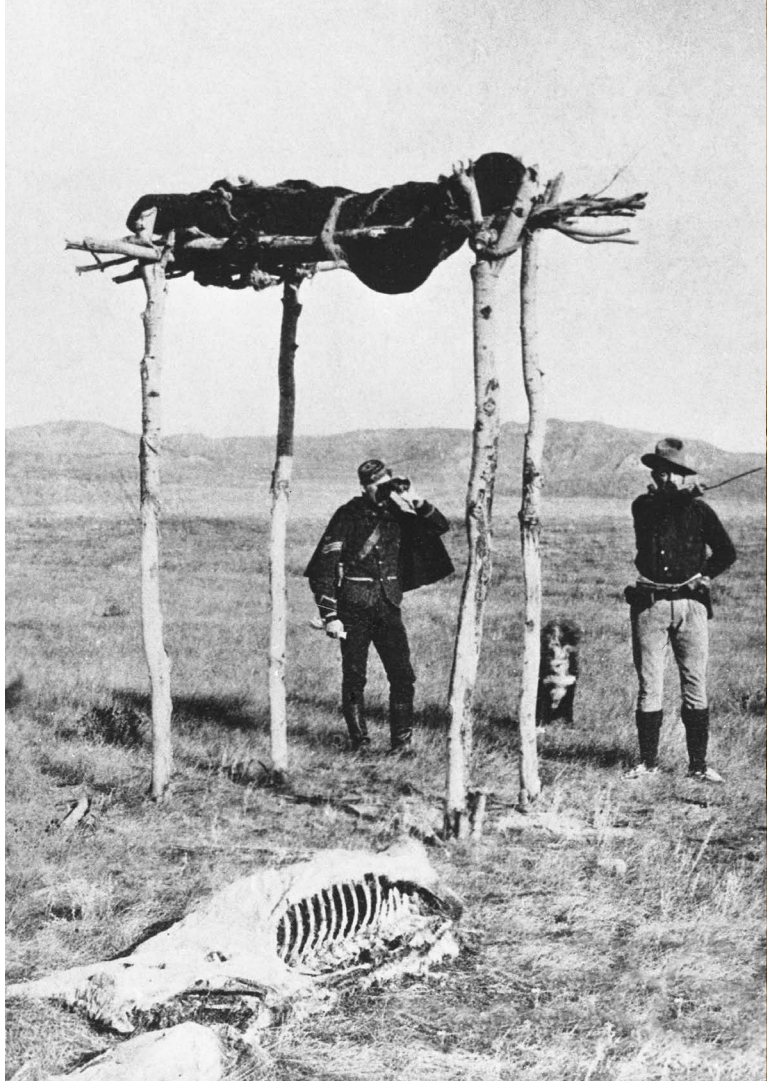
At first, Walsh did not really believe Sitting Bull's assurances of peace. The NWMP suspected that the Sioux planned to use Canada as a base for attacking their enemies across the border. But over time, and as Sitting Bull's followers drifted away, the two became friends.

With Sitting Bull's arrival, there were now some five thousand American Sioux camped from Wood Mountain to Cypress Hills, roughly one third as many as the Canadian bands the government was bringing under treaty. The refugees, traditional enemies of the Cree and Assiniboine, had settled on Treaty 4 lands, not far from the homeland of the Blackfoot, also a traditional enemy and not yet under treaty. The Metis buffalo hunters, also long-standing enemies of the Sioux, resented the competition provided by the intruders. As long as there were enough buffalo to go around, strife might be avoided, but already there were signs that the once-great herds were failing.

Also worrisome was an NWMP report from the previous fall that told of a meeting between the Sioux and the Blackfoot in Canada in August 1876. The Sioux had proposed joining forces to drive the white intruders from both the American and Canadian plains. The Blackfoot had refused the offer, but they were not yet under treaty and were known to be a fierce, warlike, and volatile nation.

With only three hundred members of the NWMP scattered from Fort Walsh to Fort Edmonton and North Battleford, plus a few militia at Fort Garry, rumours of an "Indian war" in the West were guaranteed to keep the government awake at night.

The presence of the American Sioux on the Canadian plains presented the government of Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie with an explosive situation. Canada needed to have the United States recover its escapee Sioux, and quickly.



NWMP officers at the site where a Sioux warrior mortally wounded at Little Bighorn received the honour of a traditional air burial at Eastend, North-West Territories. His horse was placed below him.

The King George medal was given to chiefs for their loyalty to the Crown.

The government's dilemma was complicated by the fact that Canada was still a colony of Great Britain, and its affairs were conducted by the Colonial Office in London. Thus, although Washington was only about 730 kilometres south, protocol demanded that all communications with the Americans pass through the office of Governor General Lord Dufferin, to the Colonial Office in London, then back to F.R. Plunkett, the British chargé d'affaires in Washington, a process that took several weeks.

Finally, a frustrated Prime Minister Mackenzie and Interior Minister David Mills decided on direct action of the sort appropriate to a frontier nation, made easier by Governor General Dufferin's absence from Ottawa. Ignoring protocol, Mills headed for Washington. On August 8, 1877, Mills met with Plunkett, and the two men went on to meet with U.S. Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz. After listening to Mills, Schurz took the two men to the White House and introduced them

TOP: GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-936-36. LOWER: MUSÉE DE LA CIVILISATION

The Buffalo Dance of the Sioux at Fort Qu'Appelle by Sydney Prior Hall, circa 1881. The Santee Dakota who settled in the Qu'Appelle area of present-day Saskatchewan were among a number of American Sioux bands who fled to Canada in the 1860s.

to President Rutherford Hayes. There, a meeting was arranged for the next morning to include Schurz, Secretary of War George McCrary, and, again, the president.

However, a solution to the problem of the American Sioux now ensconced in Canada was difficult to identify. Schurz thought Canada was obliged to disarm the Sioux and send them back across the border. Mills did not explain that it might be beyond the capacity of the three hundred NWMP to disarm several thousand Sioux and force them out of the country.

Finding a solution was difficult. Schurz repeated his belief that Canada was obliged to disarm the Sioux and send them back across the border. Mills explained, as diplomatically as he could, that the Sioux homeland had been invaded and they had been attacked without justification. Perhaps the American government could make a generous offer that would induce the Sioux to willingly return and surrender, he suggested. The Americans made it clear that if the Sioux recrossed the border they would have to surrender their horses and rifles first — a demand that would certainly meet with refusal.

In the end, President Hayes proposed sending a commission into Canada to meet with Sitting Bull and to offer terms of surrender. At the least, they might learn what the Sioux would accept. It wasn't much, but finally Mills had the Americans thinking about his problem, and hopefully thinking of it as theirs, too.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

The Sitting Bull Commission, as it was called, was crippled from the start. The U.S. cabinet refused to fund it, and there were no volunteers willing to travel more than three thousand kilometres into the western wilderness and back without pay. The government was forced to appoint a man less than ideal for the job — General Alfred Terry. Terry had been Custer's commander at Little Bighorn and was unlikely to be greeted warmly by Sitting Bull.

Newspapers were filled with astonishing — and mostly untrue — claims about Sitting Bull, such as that he was a graduate of West Point.

Also appointed to the commission were A.G. Lawrence, a former diplomat from Rhode Island, and H.C. Corbin, a brevet lieutenant colonel with the American army. In addition, a stenographer, an

A *New York Graphic* engraving of the Sitting Bull Commission meeting with Lakota chiefs at Fort Walsh, North-West Territories, on October 17, 1877. Sitting Bull is depicted with his arm raised. Commission head General Alfred Terry stands facing him.

interpreter, and two newspaper reporters with the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Times* travelled with the commission.

In the United States, public interest in Sitting Bull was huge. Newspapers were filled with astonishing — and mostly untrue — claims about him, such as that he was a scholar and graduate of West Point, a Métis fluent in French, and an admirer of French General Napoleon Bonaparte. Others simply saw him as a cruel, bloodthirsty "savage." The *National Republican*, which was almost a government organ, likely echoed the true feelings of the American administration when it stated, "In fact, it would be pleasing to this government if the proposition did not succeed, as Sitting Bull is not a denizen to be desired by any country."

High drama was now building on the western plains, with three prominent players approaching Fort Walsh from widely different directions, each facing serious difficulties in making the proposed meeting.

NWMP Commissioner James Macleod had been instructed by Ottawa to do his utmost to make the Sitting Bull Commission a success and to get the Sioux leader and his people out of Canada. The problem was that the government had also appointed Macleod, together with North-West Territories Lieutenant-Governor David Laird, to negotiate a treaty with the Blackfoot nation in what is today Alberta. That meeting was scheduled to take place at Blackfoot Crossing on the Bow River, about 255 kilometres northwest of Fort Walsh, at about the same time the Sitting Bull Commission was expected in Canada. Macleod would do his best to take in both events but left the Americans to Inspector James Walsh if he was tied down at Blackfoot Crossing. Walsh was competent, but it would be unfortunate if the Commissioner of the NWMP could not be present at the meeting of the Sitting Bull Commission and the great Sioux leader.

Walsh's responsibility to see that Sitting Bull made it to the meeting was not a simple task in view of the Sioux's hatred and distrust of the American army, not to mention the fact that the Sioux leader was camped at Pinto Horse Butte, 225 kilometres east of Fort Walsh.

At Pinto Horse Butte, as expected, Inspector Walsh at first met with an outright refusal from Sitting Bull but finally managed to convince him that no harm could come from listening to the American offer. Slowly, and with much second thought, Sitting Bull and a party of some twenty prominent chiefs set out for Fort Walsh.

Sitting Bull and his fellow chiefs finally arrived at Fort Walsh on October 12. General Terry and his party did not make it through for another four days, and the meeting did not begin until mid-afternoon on October 17. The delay enabled Commissioner Macleod to make the gathering.

The meeting did not last long. Terry outlined President Hayes' offer: surrender, amnesty for all offences, and the Sioux to give up their firearms and ammunition at the border but keep their horses until they reached their assigned reservation.

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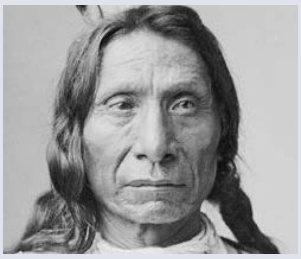
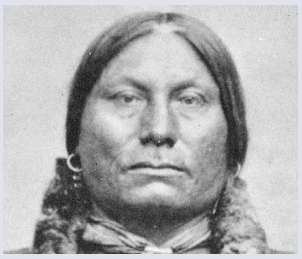
KEY FIGURES IN THE SIOUX CRISIS



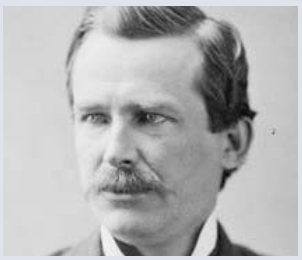
Red Cloud and his successful war against U.S. encroachment on tribal land led to the Laramie treaty, which was later broken.

Ulysses S. Grant was the American president who illegally declared war on the Sioux after they refused to give up the Black Hills.

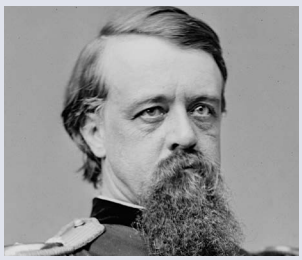
George A. Custer was a Civil War veteran whose death at Little Bighorn shocked Americans and led to calls for revenge.



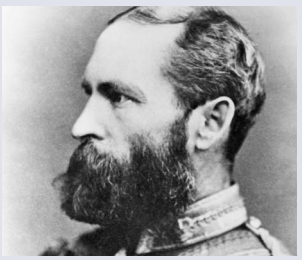
Gall was a war chief who, along with Crazy Horse, spearheaded the successful counterattack against Custer's 7th Cavalry.



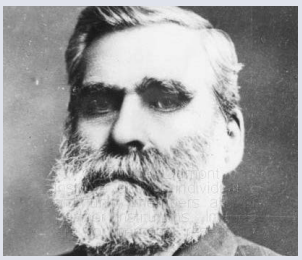
David Mills ignored protocol. As Canada's interior minister, he went directly to Washington to resolve the Sioux refugee problem.



Alfred F. Terry headed the commission formed to convince Sitting Bull and his people to return to the U.S. He was not successful.



James Macleod was the NWMP's commissioner. His diplomacy helped to smooth relations with Indigenous people.



Jean-Louis Légaré spent a lot to help both sides during the Sioux crisis. His descendants say he was never fully compensated.

Sitting Bull completely rejected the offer: "You come to tell us stories and we do not want to hear them. I will not say any more; you can go back home…. I shake hands with these people; that part of the country we came from belonged to us, and you took it from us, now we live here."

Terry had nothing more to say, and he and his group withdrew. There was, after all, little incentive for the Americans to invite the Sioux back into the United States. Before the Americans left Fort Walsh, the reporters travelling with the commission managed to obtain separate interviews with Sitting Bull. Their stories, filed and syndicated all over the United States, made Sitting Bull even more famous than he had become after the Battle of the Little Bighorn and fuelled his mystique. The correspondent for the *Times* noted Sitting Bull's high status: "Sitting Bull is a 'Medicine Man.' He is the prophet and seer of his village. And being something more than an average savage has great influence among his people and is virtually their leader."

The failure of the Sitting Bull commission caused no distress in Washington. The Americans believed that they had made a sincere effort, and now the Sioux were Canada's problem.

The Sioux's first year in Canada was not only peaceful but bountiful. The winter of 1877–78 was mild with little snow. Buffalo were plentiful. Lodges were repaired and replaced, food stores replenished, and robes prepared for trading. There was no sign that the buffalo would vanish. "God Almighty gave us lots of buffalo to live long. I wish there be lots of buffalo for a long time to come," Sitting Bull had told Macleod when warned that they would disappear.

The buffalo range was in fact shrinking. Overhunting was killing off the herds in Canada well before those in the U.S. In the foothills of the Rockies the Blackfoot found few animals on their traditional hunting grounds. North to the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Qu'Appelle rivers the Cree fared even more poorly.

In October 1878, Prime Minister John A. Macdonald returned to office and assumed responsibility for Indian Affairs and the NWMP. Macdonald's officials advised him that the buffalo herds would likely last no more than five years, an impossibly optimistic estimate as it turned out. The Canadian herd was all but gone the next year. In the spring of 1879, newly appointed Indian Commissioner Edgar Dewdney toured the West and found starvation rampant, especially among the Blackfoot. Dewdney was supplied with food to be distributed among suffering people who were under treaty. But he was under explicit instructions that nothing be given to the Sioux.

Macdonald's policy was firm: "Sitting Bull and his people, seeing that the buffalo is failing them in our territory, will go back to their own country, the only other alternative being starvation for themselves, their wives and families." Macdonald's heartless edict aptly described the future.

In 1878 and 1879, the herds in the Wood Mountain uplands shrank, making it necessary for the Sioux to follow the animals

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Sitting Bull, left, dedicates a sacred rock, representing a woman and child, at the Great Sioux Reservation, Dakota Territory, 1886.

across the border. The presence of Sitting Bull's people made the Americans nervous — to them, a hunting party looked a lot like a war party. The shortage of buffalo worsened over the winter of 1879–80. Deep snow prohibited grazing, and most of the Sioux horses died, many from a plague of scabies (mange). Eating animals taken by scabies made people sick and caused many deaths.

Their suffering was hard on Walsh and the rest of the NWMP detachment at Wood Mountain. They saved table scraps and, in defiance of orders, raided their own stores in aid of the hungry. In spite of the bitter winter cold, many Sioux, ill-clad and on foot, hobbled away, across the border and over wind-hardened drifts down to Fort Peck and Fort Buford on the Missouri River. Surrender was better than certain death from starvation.

The situation was not much better for the people under treaty who were entitled to rations. Macdonald struggled to feed them at the lowest possible cost. At Fort Walsh, NWMP surgeon Dr. Norman Kittson thought the rations supplied were woefully inadequate: "Gaunt men and women with hungry eyes were seen everywhere seeking or begging for a mouthful of food — little children … fight over the tidbits. Morning and evening many of them would come to me and beg for the very bones left by the dogs in my yard."

In July 1880 came another blow — Sitting Bull lost his one true friend in Canada. Walsh, whose brash, independent spirit rankled his superiors, was transferred away from Wood Mountain. It was Macdonald who engineered Walsh's removal. The prime minister had come to believe that Walsh was contributing to Sitting Bull's stubbornness in refusing to leave Canada. Macdonald had Walsh transferred to Fort Qu'Appelle and later that year pulled him back east on medical leave, as far away from Sitting Bull as possible.

Before leaving Wood Mountain, Walsh promised the worried Sitting Bull that he would speak directly to the U.S. president on his behalf, provided the Canadian government would approve. When he returned to eastern Canada, Walsh managed to secure an audience with Macdonald, who, of course, had no intention of allowing a junior officer to meddle in diplomatic affairs. In fact, he resolved to fire Walsh as soon as the Sioux question was resolved.

By the spring of 1881, time was running out for Sitting Bull and his shrinking band of followers (only forty-three lodges) and they became vagabonds for real. Driven from Wood Mountain by Walsh's replacement, Inspector Leif Crozier, they moved over to Willow Bunch and threw themselves on the mercy of Jean-Louis Légaré, the trader they had met on their arrival in Canada. Légaré fed them at considerable personal cost. He also advised his uninvited guests that their only hope was to surrender to the American army.

To counter the Sioux's distrust of the Americans, Légaré proposed a small inspection trip 208 kilometres south to Fort Buford, located in present-day North Dakota. This was done in April of 1881, but, confirming the Sioux suspicions, the American army arrested them on arrival. Only Légaré's reputation for fair dealing and his insistence that he would not return without his charges saved the day.

Meanwhile, Sitting Bull and a few followers trekked up to Qu'Appelle. He harboured a futile hope that the Santee Dakota of the Standing Buffalo reserve at Qu'Appelle might take him in, but he was met with outright refusal. He also hoped to see Walsh. Instead, he met with Dewdney, who was very tough on the Sioux leader, refusing him even any food rations, much less a reserve for his people. Dewdney offered to provide an armed escort out of Canada, but Sitting Bull refused and, embittered, returned to Willow Bunch.

At Willow Bunch, Légaré had just returned from a second inspection trip to Fort Buford with a positive report. He convinced Sitting Bull's followers to return to the United States and organized a caravan to carry them. Sitting Bull, still distrustful and fearful, was reluctant to accept his fate and made the journey difficult.

Finally, on July 19, 1881, Légaré led Sitting Bull and 188 bedraggled followers into Fort Buford and surrender. They turned over their few horses and firearms, but Sitting Bull withheld his Winchester rifle until the next day. Then he handed it to the Fort Buford commander, explaining: "I wish it to be remembered that I was the last man of my tribe to surrender his rifle."

And with that, Sitting Bull was out of Canada. Macdonald could finally relax.

True to form, the American army reneged on its promise of amnesty and arrested Sitting Bull, placing him in open confinement at Fort Randall for two years before allowing him to join his people at Fort Yates on the Great Sioux Reservation (later called Standing Rock). He spent one season with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show in 1885. In the final years of his life, he became associated with the controversial ghost dance movement — which officials feared because they thought it would lead to a general uprising. On December 15, 1890, during a trumped-up arrest, Sitting Bull was shot and killed.

When news of his death reached his old friend James Walsh in Canada, Walsh — who had been forced to resign from the NWMP seven years earlier and had launched a career in business — remarked: "I am glad to learn that Bull is relieved of his miseries, even if it took the bullet to do it. A man who wields such power as Bull once did, that of a King, over a wild spirited people cannot endure abject poverty, slavery and beggary without suffering great mental pain and death is a relief.... Bull's confidence and belief in the Great Spirit was stronger than I ever saw in any other man. He trusted to Him implicitly.... History does not tell us that a greater Indian than Bull ever lived, he was the Mohammed of his people, the law and King maker of the Sioux."

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From left: Tasunke Nupawin, Okute Sika, Nupa Kikte, and Pte Sanwin, circa 1900. All stayed in Canada after Sitting Bull left.

MOOSE JAW PUBLIC LIBRARY

'MY HEART IS LAKOTA'

Saskatchewan's Wood Mountain is still home to some of the descendants of Sitting Bull's people.

Not all of Sitting Bull's people returned to the United States in 1881. As many as 250 remained in the Wood Mountain region of present-day Saskatchewan. Among them were Nancy Thomson McIvor's paternal great-grandmothers.

"I am of Hunkpapa Lakota blood of the Sitting Bull tribe and very proud of that part of my heritage," said Thomson McIvor, who was born in Wood Mountain.

One of Thomson McIvor's great-grandmothers – Iha Wastewin (Good Laughing Woman/Alice Mary Thomson) – came to Canada with Sitting Bull's tribe when she was a child. Iha Wastewin married North West Mounted Police officer James Thomson, who was stationed in Wood Mountain, when she was in her teens. They lived in an adobe house and raised eleven children, all of whom were given Lakota and English names.

Her other great grandmother – Tasunke Hin Hotwein (Roan Horse/Mary Ogle) – was two years old when she came to Canada. She married William Hall Ogle, an English aristocrat-turned-cowboy, and together they ran a large ranch.

Thomson McIvor's knowledge of her ancestry did not come easily. Her father lost his First Nations status when he joined the army during the Second World War. Stationed in the Netherlands, he met and married a Dutch woman. He re-enlisted after the war, and the family spent six years in Europe.

"We thought we were little Dutch kids. No one questioned our colouring," said Thomson McIvor of herself and her siblings. "It was after coming to Canada and kids calling me an Eskimo that I asked, am I? That was when I was told, 'You are an Indian.'"

Later, as an adult, she asked her father why he kept their heritage a secret: "His answer: 'I wanted you to have a better life.' How sad is that?"

A breakthrough in Thomson McIvor's search for her Lakota roots came in 1998, when she received an invitation to attend the opening of an exhibit at the Canadian Museum of History entitled Legends of Our Times. The story of her great-grandmothers was part of that exhibit.

"Going to this exhibit was life-changing for me," she said. "I can't explain the emotions – mostly love and belonging."

About fifteen years ago, at the urging of her widowed mother, Thomson McIvor travelled back to her birthplace at Wood Mountain for the first time for an Ogle family reunion. After that, she returned regularly, and in 2007 she received her new Lakota name during a ceremony at the Wood Mountain Reserve.

"The holy man prayed over me and said I was to be given my own name, and it is Johpwampi Zintkala. It means beautiful songbird. It was a very moving experience, and I actually had a vision while being prayed over."

In 2014, Thomson McIvor, who had lived in Ontario for much of her life, moved to Kisbey, Saskatchewan, with her husband. They purchased lots in Wood Mountain and plan to retire there. Her life has thus come full circle with her return to the land that Sitting Bull had sought as a permanent home for his people.

"My heart is Lakota, always has been. All I can think is, 'the grandmothers shall bring them home.' It's a Native belief, and it happened to me."

One of Thomson McIvor's young relatives, Claire Thomson, wrote a master's thesis in 2014 about the history of Sitting Bull's Canadian descendants. In her paper, Thomson states that the handful of Lakota who stayed in Canada after Sitting Bull went back to the United States in 1881 were determined to retain their independence. Many eventually took seasonal jobs on ranches and with rodeos, hunted antelope for subsistence, and resisted government assistance.

Many wanted the right to establish homesteads but could not do so under the terms of the Indian Act. A small temporary reserve was eventually established in 1910 but was halved in size in 1919. What was left was made a permanent reserve in 1930. At this time, most still spoke Lakota and retained many of their traditions.

Today, the Wood Mountain Reserve consists of 2,376.2 hectares of rolling prairie. There are about two hundred registered band members, of whom about a dozen live on the reserve.

– Nelle Oosterom

MAKING A MYTH

Edgar Samuel Paxson's *Custer's Last Stand* depicts the battle the way most of the American public wished to see it. In this painting, Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer is in the centre, wearing buckskins and a red bandana. He stands upright with brave determination, one hand holding a smoking pistol while the other covers a gaping wound in his side. None of his soldiers appears frightened. The artist spent twenty years researching the event and completed the two-by-three-metre canvas painting in 1899. He then circulated it as a travelling exhibit.

TOP AND LEFT: BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

OPPOSING VIEWS

THE STORY OF CUSTER'S DEFEAT DEPENDS ON WHO IS TELLING IT

The 1876 Battle of the Greasy Grass, commonly known as the Battle of the Little Bighorn or Custer's Last Stand, is typically depicted as either a great victory by Indigenous nations or a heroic sacrifice by American Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer and his 7th Cavalry.

Among those who saw it as a triumph for the Lakota Sioux, Northern Cheyenne, and Arapaho people was the Oglala Lakota artist Amos Bad Heart Bull. Like his father before him, Bad Heart Bull was the historian of the Oglala.

Important events were traditionally recorded through pictures on buffalo hide. These served as calendars and were called winter counts, with one picture representing a year's most significant event. The winter count pictures were used in conjunction with a more extensive oral history.

Bad Heart Bull (1869–1913) adapted this tradition to include pictures on paper with captions. He taught himself to draw, as well as to read and write in English and Lakota. Encouraged by his uncles, he sought out the stories of his tribe and documented them in a used ledger. Using a variety of materials, such as ink, crayons, pencils, and watercolours, he created more than 400 drawings. Included among these drawings was a series showing the Battle of the Greasy Grass.

The ink-on-paper illustration at left is titled *Retreat of Major Marcus Reno's command*. Reno was Custer's second-in-command. He was ordered to make the intial attack on the Indigenous encampment near the Little Bighorn River. Soon overwhelmed, Reno's 140-man batallion retreated.

The picture shows soldiers at the rear incurring heavy casualties as Sioux and Cheyenne warriors overtake them. In the meantime, Custer led an attack from a different point, but his troops were forced back onto a ridge, where all were killed.

Reno survived the battle, but his reputation did not. The army and the public blamed him for the defeat.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

AGAINST OPPRESSION

The artist who created *Custer's Last Fight* – Charles M. Russell – was no fan of the frontier army. Montana's celebrated cowboy artist mourned the passing of the Old West. He looked back nostalgically to the time of the open range, before fences tamed cattle country. During the summer of 1888, he lived in Alberta, near camps of Blackfoot, Blood, and Piegan, and grew to admire their way of life. Because Russell identified with the losses of the Plains Indigenous people, his rendering of the famous battle puts the victorious warriors in the foreground. The cavalry soldiers appear only as distant shadows.

UNSETTLING SCENES

Recently discovered paintings and journal entries offer a remarkable perspective on the Frog Lake Massacre and the Northwest Rebellion.

by Jon Dellandrea

The Rebellion in British North America

This illustration speaks to the experience of settlers who feared for their lives. Dixon described the scene: "All of the forts situated in the disturbed districts are places of refuge for settlers in the surrounding country, who are fortunate indeed to have anywhere to fly to; for certain destruction would have been their fate had they remained in their homes. Leaving goods and chattels and taking only absolute necessities, women and children have been bundled into wagons and transported to the forts as rapidly [as] possible ...."

A **TROVE OF RECENTLY DISCOVERED PAINTINGS OFFERS A** compelling view of one of the most contentious moments in Canadian history — the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. During that incident, the Canadian government sent military forces to the North-West Territories to quell an "uprising" of Métis and Aboriginal peoples, led in part by Louis Riel. To the Indigenous peoples of the region, armed resistance was a legitimate response to settler encroachment on their traditional territories.

Part of the conflict was captured on canvas by Canadian painter Francis Fitz Roy Dixon. Born in Batticaloa, Ceylon, Dixon grew up with the legacy of a grandfather who was an officer in the British colonial administration. Colonel Charles George Dixon died during the Indian Rebellion of 1857 when Francis was a baby.

Appointed a justice of the peace in what is now Manitoba in 1884, Fitz Roy Dixon found himself on the edge of a festering conflict that was remarkably similar to his family's experiences in colonial India.

Dixon painted prolifically, having been trained at the Royal College of Art in England in the early 1870s. But most of his work did not see the light of day until recently. A chance discovery on an Internet auction site about a year ago led to the finding of more than seventy paintings, plus letters and other materials. Included are his impressions of the 1885 Frog Lake Massacre, in which nine settlers were killed.

So little of Dixon's work is in the public domain that scholars and collectors have paid it scant attention. Fifteen or so of his paintings can be found in the Royal Ontario Museum, Library and Archives of Canada, the Manitoba Provincial Archives, the Winnipeg Art Gallery, and a private collection or two. As a result of the Internet offering, some fortuitous circumstances, and contact with descendants, Dixon's art, sketch books, and related archival materials have come to light. Research is underway for a book and exhibition on his life and art.

// See more paintings at CanadasHistory.ca/FitzRoyDixon

The Assiniboine River from La Normandie 1891

Dixon settled in what is now southern Manitoba in1880. His idyllic paintings of the Assiniboine River and of the surrounding landscape may convey a sense of peaceful pioneer life, but the events of the time were far from peaceful. By all accounts it was a troubling time of broken promises, violated treaties, starving Indigenous people, and a resulting bubbling cauldron of discontent. At the depth of this discontent was a contentious struggle over land. During the 1880s, First Nations peoples were forced onto reserves and told to abandon traditional nomadic hunting lifestyles for farming. Meanwhile, the Métis were being cheated out of their land.

As a twenty-nine-year-old justice of the peace, Dixon was more than a casual observer.

A Morning Surprise

In this pen-and-ink monochromatic watercolour, Dixon depicts an ambush on settlers. In a letter, he wrote, "the latest dispach from the front gives an account of a massacre at Frog Lake, one person only being spared." [In fact, nine were killed and about seventy taken prisoner and later released.]

"It is to be hoped that Riel and the other ring leaders who are responsible for this trouble and misery may before the end of the Rebellion meet with their just deserts but with the United States to the South and a wide extent of forest to the North, it is not improbable that they may escape our vengeance and retribution."

La Normandie "Our First Home in America 1881"

An image from Dixon's sketchbook depicts his first home, circa 1881, near Millford, a village located along the Souris River in what is now southern Manitoba. The homestead was named in honour of his wife, Sophie Osmont, who was born in St. Helier in Jersey, an island in the English Channel with strong links to Normandy, France. The Canadian Pacific Railway unexpectedly bypassed Millford the same year the Dixons settled there, leading to the town's decline. By 1890, Millford was deserted. The pictured image is the original drawing for a painting in the Canadian Collection of the Royal Ontario Museum.

Quyon Ferry, Ottawa River, 1898

Following the Northwest Rebellion, Dixon found a job with the Dominion Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior. His new position involved much travelling to inspect branch offices in their various locations.

As he travelled, Dixon painted landscapes as he saw them from Manitoba and the North-West Territories to Ontario and Quebec. He moved east in the late 1890s when the Dominion Lands Branch relocated to Ottawa.

In Ottawa, he painted everyday scenes, such as this one of a horse-driven passenger ferry between Ottawa and Quyon, Quebec. A modern ferry that can carry ninety passengers and twenty-one vehicles still crosses there today.

Early Morning, Canoe on the Gatineau River

While in Ottawa, Dixon's professional life and his painting career flourished. He became the assistant deputy dominion lands commissioner in 1910 and had a summer residence at Cascades, Quebec. He painted many views of life on the Gatineau River, including the peaceful scene above of a man lauching a birchbark canoe on quiet water.

Logs on the Gatineau Cascades, Quebec

The Gatineau River was also a busy waterway for the logging industry. As the painting above illustrates, it was common to see logs floating downriver on their way to be processed at mills in the Ottawa region.

Dixon died at his Cascades summer residence in 1914 at the age of fifty-eight.

Pauline Vanier as photographed by Yousuf Karsh, circa 1967-72.

LETTERS FROM PAULINE

PAULINE VANIER'S WARTIME CORRESPONDENCE WITH HER CHILDREN SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON THE VIBRANT PERSONALITY OF A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN WOMAN.

BY MARY FRANCES COADY

THE LETTER WAS TO THE POINT: "THE INVASION period seems to be getting closer and closer. It will be a ghastly thing, but we have to do it if we want to end this terrible war." Pauline Vanier wrote this to her son Georges Jr. (nicknamed Byngsie) on May 9, 1944, as the Allies prepared for D-Day. As the wife of Canadian diplomat Georges Vanier — then stationed in Algeria — Pauline was in a position to know things that most Canadians did not know.

"The horrors that are being done on the continent are ghastly," she continued in her letter to her eldest son. Citing stories she had heard from two members of the French Resistance who had fled to Algiers, Algeria, she said: "The Germans are trying to wipe out the populations, at least the better part of the populations. In France they are now doing what they have done all along in Poland, and our bombing is naturally adding to the horror; they quite realize the necessity of this bombing but that doesn't take away from the horror of it."

Such was the drama of Vanier's life as the Second World War roared to its ultimate conclusion. And, as seen from the way she lived her life both before and after the war, she was not one to turn away from danger and suffering.

Pauline Vanier probably had some idea of what she would face when she left the safety of her home in Montreal in June 1943 to join her husband in war-ravaged Europe. She had already experienced what it was like to be a refugee. The Vanier family had been stationed in Paris in 1940 when France fell to the Germans. Georges Vanier, who was then Canada's minister to France, stayed behind while Pauline and four of their children escaped the city by automobile. They travelled on roads choked with refugees, eventually finding their way to London. There, the family was reunited, but their relief was short-lived. On September 7, the London Blitz began. The Vaniers made their way to Canada a week or two after the bombs started falling.

Two years later, Georges Vanier was appointed Canadian minister to the Allied governments-in-exile in London and the military representative to Charles de Gaulle's Free French government. The couple went first to London and then, in early 1944, to Algiers, North Africa, where de Gaulle's fledgling provisional government had recently been established. The Vanier family was now separated on three continents. Sons Byngsie, 19, Bernard, 17, and Michel, 3, were in Montreal (Michel was being looked after by Pauline's mother) while their two other children were in England: son Jean, 15, in naval college and daughter Thérèse, 21, with the Canadian Women's Army Corps. Almost two years would pass before the family would be fully reunited, but during those two years momentous world events would take place.

While her husband kept the government of Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King apprised of de Gaulle's moves — was the general an incipient dictator? King wanted to know — Pauline Vanier kept her children informed and entertained with her exotic and surprising new life. Her letters described their day-to-day life — which included living on army rations — with lightness and humour.

YOUSUF KARSH/LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

The Vanier family on board a ship in 1938. Left to right: Pauline, Thérèse, Bernard, Jean, Byngsie, and Georges.

"This has been a week of household crisis again," she lamented in a March 30, 1944, letter to son Jean. "I told you that the cook had gone on a bat and had put his fist through a pane of glass, then had been rushed to hospital. Daddy quite rightly decided not to have him back, but that made us minus a cook. Fortunately one of the batmen is quite a cook, so he was doing locum. The other night, after he had finished cooking a fairly good dinner … we heard that, believe it or not, he had been bitten by a dog! So HE was rushed to hospital. So now he is on the sick list and we are minus cook, minus one batman…. Hence Madame l'ambassadrice is housemaid, bottle washer, etc. etc. I don't mind in the least as it gives me the illusion that I am doing something useful for a bit."

"I CAME HOME THAT EVENING FEELING THAT NONE OF US KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS GHASTLY WAR."

Housed in a Moorish villa on the outskirts of Algiers, with terraces that overlooked the Mediterranean Sea, the Vaniers entertained a wide variety of visitors, including military officers, ambassadors, members of the French Resistance, and even wounded soldiers. On March 27, 1944, Pauline described the visitors who had dropped in for tea the previous day — diplomats from Sweden and Peru, a British colonel, and two young pilots from Canada and New Zealand. She took a particular liking to the airmen.

"These two boys are quite delightful and oh so different to all the diplomats and society people that we have to see," she wrote. "They sat together in the house, reading papers and magazines. They are like twin brothers; they have been in the same crew for months, were downed together and have more or less had the same wounds, except that one had his right foot smashed and the other the left! What a contrast these two boys are to the others, the ne'er-do-wells of society! One of them suddenly said to me, [indicating] the Peruvian, 'What does he know about war, that guy?' Yes, what do any of us know about war really?"

Pauline expressed similar sentiments in May, when a ship used for the exchange of prisoners of war stopped briefly in Algiers. The Vaniers went aboard to greet about fifty Canadians, many of them wounded with limbs missing. Among them was Lionel Massey, the son of Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner in England. "You remember him, don't you?" Pauline wrote to Byngsie. "He was wounded and taken prisoner in Greece. If you remember him, you will visualize a charming man about town, rather light weight. He has aged years and has matured to an extraordinary degree…. In him as in nearly all the others, I found a wonderful spirit."

She added, "they all looked dazed of course and one could see that it was a strain to be back in the world after those long years of suffering and of captivity; they could hardly get used to the idea of being free. I came home that evening feeling that none of us knew anything about this ghastly war."

On a lighter note, she added: "I was given the most amusing compliment from one of the airmen…. 'You look like a Lux ad'! What he meant I am not quite sure. Of course they none of them have seen any women for many a day, so even an old thing like me seems to give them pleasure." She was forty-six years old at the time.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

As the spring progressed, there was increased tension in Algiers with the approach of the D-Day invasion. Part of the tension was due to the Allies' lack of trust in de Gaulle. American President Franklin Roosevelt found him boastful and conceited and was firmly against including de Gaulle in plans to liberate France. British Prime Minister Winston Churchill also disliked de Gaulle but realized that the Allies needed his co-operation. As a Canadian diplomat caught in the middle, and firmly on de Gaulle's side, Georges Vanier had to tread carefully.

As if to underscore the difficulty, after all this came an onslaught of malaria-carrying mosquitoes as well as a plague of locusts that were eating the crops and wreaking general havoc. "I have just been for a walk in the grounds and they are so thick even on the paths that I was stepping on them," Pauline Vanier wrote on May 16.

Georges Vanier was raised to the rank of ambassador at the end of May, but the occasion caused hardly a ripple because of the momentous event that happened a few days later: the long awaited D-Day invasion on June 6. Four days later, Pauline wrote to Byngsie: "After the first day of the excitement of hearing about our landing in France we seem to be very flat and rather sombre. The fighting is dreadful and is going to get inevitably worse, and the political situation here is tense for different causes that unfortunately I cannot give yet."

The tense situation was the result of the ongoing American refusal to recognize de Gaulle's leadership. In the meantime, de Gaulle went from strength to strength. A June visit to liberated coastal villages in Normandy brought cheering crowds hailing him as a hero. "Daddy was at the airport this morning when de Gaulle arrived back," Pauline wrote on June 17. "He found him looking very well and calm to an astonishing degree considering the grind that he has had lately. Oh me! When will our neighbours from the South understand?"

Military officers, diplomatic officials, and, increasingly, members of the French Resistance continued to find their way to the Vaniers' villa. "Tonight we are having a buffet supper for some men of the Resistance," Pauline wrote on June 17. "One of them left Paris on the 10th of June.... I have asked him to write to Canada so as to tell them a little bit what it is like to be under German domination; it might do them good to read facts from somebody who has seen them."

As the summer progressed, Pauline's letters took on a more alarming tone: "Did you read about the horror of Oradour?" she wrote, referring to a small French village where Nazi soldiers massacred 642 villagers, including 240 women and children who were burned alive in a church.

And on the same day, in another letter, she wrote, "We had a young Breton who had been one of the organisers of the *maquis* [guerrilla resistance fighters] in France; he has just heard that his young wife is in the hands of the Gestapo. One hears things such as that continually just now. The Huns are rounding up as many as they can and are using terrorism everywhere. They are of course on their last leg and their backs are to the wall. So God knows what they will do next."

With July came an increasing regard for Charles de Gaulle — "He is undoubtedly a very great man," Pauline wrote — as well as cheerful letters from Thérèse giving news about the new "doodlebugs" — V-1 flying bombs — being dropped on England. "What a lovely name for them," Pauline wrote to her sons. "Imagine the Germans ever naming bombs with such a name. That is the sort of thing which helps the British to win the war."

Pauline Vanier visits with a wounded soldier at No. 17 Canadian General Hospital, Pinewood, England, in 1943.

The summer also brought enervating temperatures to Algiers and worry to Pauline about her sons in Canada. "Darling, have pity on your old mother and write only a line if you haven't time to do more," she wrote to Byngsie on July 26. She wrote of dining with de Gaulle, who told her that his son didn't write to him either. "He said, '*Dites leur de ma part que ce n'est pas chic de vous traiter ainsi*'!" [Tell them from me that it's not nice to treat you that way!] Later, in the same letter, she said she was "too hot and too stupefied" to write more. "Anyway! Do you deserve interesting letters, you lazy hound?"

As news of the Allies' progress in France filtered through, it became clear that it was only a matter of weeks before Paris would be liberated. On August 20 Charles de Gaulle left Algiers for good, ready to take his place as the president of France. Four days later, Pauline wrote, "PARIS IS LIBERATED! We heard it yesterday noon and I don't mind telling you that all day yesterday we all behaved like lunatics. Last night just by chance we had five men of the Resistance to dinner; two of them had got away from prison camps in Germany a year ago and had worked in the Resistance afterwards, until one of them was caught by the Gestapo, was put into the prison of Fresnes in Paris, but was got out by his colleagues. I don't think that I need tell you what sort of evening we had. It was quite delirious. I kissed them all (shame on you, Mummy), even a Jesuit Father (more shame, Mummy).... Oh me! It is nearly too much emotion all at once."

On September 9, Georges and Pauline Vanier flew to France, where they found an impoverished, devastated country. The fighting beyond Paris continued, and it would be many months before the guns fell silent in Europe. For the Vaniers, their work had just begun. They were now the official face of Canada in France, and they would remain close to the centre of wartime activities and the country's postwar reconstruction. Pauline would continue to inform her children about important events as they unfolded.

Georges Vanier remained Canada's ambassador to France until 1953. He became the Governor General of Canada in 1959 and died in 1967. Pauline Vanier moved to France in 1972, where she spent the rest of her life serving the L'Arche community for the mentally disabled, founded by her son Jean. She died in 1991, at age 93.

A man feeds a bear at Gibson Camp, Kootenay National Park, British Columbia, circa 1920s.

BEYOND Winnie

They dance, they wrestle, they maul: Bears have had an uneasy time of it in their roles as pets, mascots, and roadside attractions.

by Mike Commito and Ben Bradley

WHEN LONDON'S HUNTERIAN Museum announced in late 2015 that it would exhibit the skull of Winnie, the popular black bear who had been in the London Zoo's charge from 1914 to 1929, there was a mild outcry. The decision seemed a morbid or even tasteless way to commemorate one of the zoo's most famous inmates. Some commentators darkly observed that the skull poignantly highlighted the unnatural conditions of the bear's captivity, as the teeth were badly eroded due to a diet comprised largely of sweets.

For Canadians, the skull exhibit resonates strongly because Winnie is also Canada's greatest ursine celebrity — there is even a Heritage Minute about her. Many Canadians know that she was named after Winnipeg, the hometown of her original owner, Harry Colebourn. They know he took her to Britain as a mascot of his army unit during the First World War and then placed her in the London Zoo when he was called to action. It was there that this real-life bear served as the inspiration for A.A. Milne's children's classic *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

Winnie certainly did not have the life of a typical Canadian bear. Yet, while her story was exceptional in certain regards, in others it was far from singular.

Winnie was initially taken from the forest near White River, Ontario, by a trapper who had killed her mother. The trapper brought the orphaned cub into town and sold her to Colebourn, who was travelling through town aboard a train that would carry the bear further afield. Similar instances of bears being captured, transported, and then used as pets, mascots, and attractions abound in Canadian history. In fact, doing so was a fairly common practice and a part of popular or vernacular culture from the late-nineteenth century well into the twentieth. It happened from coast to coast to coast in an array of settings, including hinterland work camps, rural farms and ranches, small-town stores and hotels, and even urban homes. Few bears were taken as far or written about as much as Winnie was, and therefore most of their captivity stories are forgotten to history. Nevertheless, the ways Canadians used bears as companion animals, promotional devices, and tourist attractions reveal how values and premiums placed on wildlife have changed over time.

Many bears that fell into the hands of hunters, farmers, and hinterland resource workers were brought to communities where they were displayed at commercial businesses, hotels, and railway depots. Typically they were used to attract and to amuse customers by appealing to their curiosity about wild animals. In effect, they served as living promotional devices, drawing crowds along main street. Though vulnerable when small, bears are very strong. They can be trained to wrestle, to do tricks in anticipation of a handout, and to rear up on their hind legs in expectation of food; many photographs of pet or mascot bears in Canada show them in such a standing position.

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In addition to small-town hotels, saloons, and stores, captive bears were closely associated with transportation corridors, which were zones where rural and urban Canadians intermingled. It was not by chance that Harry Colbourne acquired Winnie where he did: White River was a divisional point station on the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR), which meant that all trains stopped there to refuel and to change crews. The trapper who captured Winnie-to-be carried the cub into town knowing that the world not only passed through on the tracks but also tarried awhile on the station platform.

The CPR made Western Canada accessible to well-heeled pleasure travellers, and several of its station masters offered passengers the opportunity to see bears up close. Photographs from the 1890s show a yearling black bear displayed on the veranda of the Fraser Canyon House hotel at North Bend, British Columbia. Around the same time, a grizzly bear named Nancy was kept at the station in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Nancy was a prominent trackside feature due to her pen being attached to the garden beside the station platform. In his travelogue *On the Cars and Off*, Douglas Sladen observed Nancy to be "a most reasonable beast, to be kept in perfect good humour by presents of single grapes." Nevertheless, Sladen believed her captivity at such a central location was dangerous, because "bears will be bears — someday." Nancy reportedly mauled several people, which was ironic, given that a donation box attached to her pen solicited contributions to the local hospital.

Nancy of Medicine Hat was "a most reasonable beast" who helped to raise funds for a hospital.

Tourists hoped — or even expected — to see bears in Canada's mountainous national parks, and the CPR sometimes helped them fulfill this wish. In 1908, CPR passengers were invited to feed and to pose for photographs with a bear kept on the grounds of the Mount Stephen House hotel at Field in Yoho National Park, B.C. That fall, the bear grabbed a little boy who wandered within the radius of its chain and dragged him into its den. A construction contractor who witnessed this event managed to rescue the child after a "tough fight" in which he was badly marked about the arms and face. The bear was unceremoniously shot, while newspapers celebrated the contractor as "the hero of the hour in the Rocky Mountains."

Bears were also held captive at points along the Canadian National Railway, particularly along its route through the Rockies. Aquila and Helen Maxwell brought their pet black bear Ole to the embryonic town of Hinton, Alberta, in 1912 after operating a series of hostels for railway construction workers. They displayed Ole near Hinton's brand new railway depot, where he was chained to a crate that served as his den. Local children were fascinated by this bear, which had been trained to dance to the violin. However, Ole had to be destroyed after his unpredictable disposition was aggravated by teasing from the army of labourers that passed through town.

While passenger trains followed fixed routes and predictable timetables, the age of mass automobile tourism that began during the interwar years saw travellers explore Canada at their own pace and by routes of their own choosing. Businesses that sprouted up to sell food, gas, and lodging to the motoring public responded to this flexibility with an array of attention-grabbing signs, novelties, and attractions that would help to distinguish them from their competitors. Since many motorists hoped to see large, furry mammals "in the wild" when travelling Canadian roads, putting captive bears on display at roadside businesses struck many operators as a surefire draw.

Postcards and promotional photographs showing roadside bears were common everywhere in Canada. Postcards from Dorchester, New Brunswick, show a soda-swigging bear chained to a post in front of Ward's Cabins during the 1930s. On the opposite side of the country, the Restmore Lodge and Cabin Camp near Chilliwack, B.C., promoted itself with "Indian handicrafts," cave tours, and Peggy the soda-drinking black bear. Peggy was kept in a pen beside the road and was chained to a stump carved in the shape of a chair. Customers could purchase candy and carbonated drinks to feed her, but this pastime was so popular on summer long weekends, when pleasure travellers flocked to the roads, that Peggy suffered stomach troubles and had to be cut off from her supply.

Peggy was usually quite docile, but in June 1938 — perhaps driven by the imperatives of mating season — she broke free of her collar and scrambled across the creek that bordered on the property, behaving as if she was "prepared to stay there for an indefinite period." Efforts to coax and cajole her back into her pen were unsuccessful, so a local doctor was called to the scene. He put morphine and codeine in Peggy's favourite varieties of pop and ice cream, and only after she consumed these did she allow herself to be led stumbling back to her pen — "doped to the eyebrows," as the local newspaper put it.

Most human-bear encounters at roadside businesses were benign. However, having noisy children, giddy tourists, and city people unfamiliar with wild animals in close quarters with bears could lead to significant injury and even death. In 1938, a two-year-old boy was badly mauled by a chained bear at Nitzi's Service Station in northern Ontario's Timiskaming district. Toronto's *Evening Telegram* reported that the supposedly "tame" bear nearly tore the young boy's scalp off, but the child made a full recovery after receiving a blood transfusion. The same could not be said for the bear, which was clubbed and shot to death by the service station owner. Following this incident, a panel of experts, including the deputy minister of

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health, weighed in on the use of captive bears as roadside attractions in Ontario. The panel concluded that "it's not a very good idea to try to make bears pets."

Nevertheless, against the experts' advice, proprietors of roadside businesses in Ontario and other provinces continued using bears to attract customers. In the summer of 1939, a woman from Hamilton was attacked by a gas station bear in northern Ontario, while in August 1940 an eleven-year-old boy was treated for serious lacerations to his legs after he teased a bear with the offering of an empty bottle of soda. The practice of keeping bears captive at roadside stopping places only began a gradual decline in the 1950s, as Canadians recognized the dangers and liabilities of displaying these animals. There was also a broader change in attitudes toward wildlife spurred by suburbanization, the ecology movement, and the popularity of movies like Walt Disney's *Bambi*. By the 1970s the practice had been largely relegated to secondary routes, making it rare to find bears kept captive along Canada's main highways outside the confines of zoos and wildlife parks. Instances of serious injury were less common but did continue, including a 1961 episode where a teenager was severely mauled when he interrupted the feeding of a bear at a service station east of Peterborough, Ontario.

Canada's thousands of kilometres of new roads made it easier for city-dwelling hunters to go into the bush, including recently opened areas where bears were less familiar with — and less fearful of — humans. New roads helped to drive recreational development in places like the Kawarthas in Ontario, the Whiteshell in Manitoba, and the Shuswap in British Columbia. New roads also led to accidental collisions that killed mother bears, leaving orphans behind. Consequently, Canada's burgeoning car culture contributed to the unusual and dramatic trend of keeping captive bears in private urban homes.

The popularity of keeping black bears as pets is well documented in Ontario. In 1934, Ontario Game and Fisheries Minister

Left: A woman holds a bear cub at the Stanley Park Zoo in Vancouver, circa 1954.

Upper right: A woman and a chained bear at Field, British Columbia, circa 1908.

Lower right: A postcard of a soda-swigging bear at Dorchester, New Brunswick, circa 1930s.

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA, GOLDEN MUSEUM P1177, BEN BRADLEY COLLECTION

George H. Challies noted, "there is quite a demand outside the province for bear cubs, which bring from $20 to $50" — not a small amount during the Great Depression. Departmental memorandums instructed game wardens to be certain that any purchaser of a bear cub or cubs, in addition to paying the seller, also purchased a one-dollar licence and paid a sixty-cent royalty to the provincial government.

Some of the bears purchased or captured in Ontario's forests were destined for life in the big city. Many tried to escape. Teddy, a bear belonging to the Crux family from Etobicoke, Ontario, broke out of his urban confines in September 1940. A week later, a neighbour found him along the side of a road and returned him to the family. Family members were elated to have back their "pet, and perfectly harmless, bear." Other Toronto-area bears also made daring escapes. Reginald Sparkes, from one of the city's more affluent neighbourhoods, lost his bear in 1944 and required the fire department's assistance to retrieve the animal from a tree. After the bear was recaptured using ladder and lasso, a perplexed firefighter asked, "who'd ever expect to find a bear in Forest Hill?" This incident prompted Sparkes to rethink his relationship with the animal; he decided that the busy streets of Toronto were no place for a bear and brought it back to his cottage to be released.

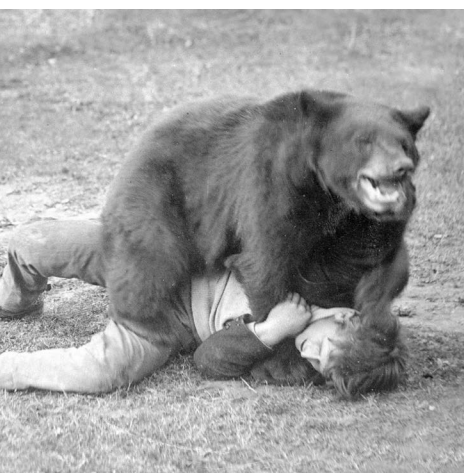
Fugitive bears were certainly newsworthy, but these stories were even more notable when they involved a prominent family. In August 1938, O.D. Skelton — undersecretary of state in the federal government of William Lyon Mackenzie King — made headlines not for his acumen in international relations but because his family's pet bear had escaped from their home in Rockcliffe, near Ottawa. At the time, the renegade bear was still so small that Skelton's son Alex was bottle-feeding the animal. After the bear was recaptured, the Skeltons' reunion with their pet was short-lived, for the council of Rockcliffe promptly passed an ordinance prohibiting residents from keeping bears as pets.

Whether at trackside stations, at roadside businesses, or in the family home, the private keeping of bears as pets was highly unusual and

Above: Two women approach a black bear at the nuisance grounds of Banff National Park, Alberta, circa 1951.

Right: A girl with two bear cubs in Port Arthur, Ontario, late 1950s.

Below: A man wrestles with a trained bear, circa 1902.



blurred traditional relationships between humans and companion animals. Unlike typical pets, bears' bodies still held value.

For example, in 1934, J.C. Patterson captured two black bear cubs and brought them back to his residence in Brampton, Ontario. By February 1937, the pair had passed their pet stage and tipped the scales at a combined weight of 340 kilograms. Unable to properly care for the animals, Patterson attempted to donate them to the local zoo for fear that they would be targeted by hunters if he released them into the wild. When the zoo refused to take the ursine pair, Patterson, in a cruel twist of irony, decided it was best to shoot them himself. It was later reported that a butcher cut the animals into roasts and steaks for their owner's consumption.

In Simcoe County, Ontario, Clarence Fraser's pet bear escaped in the autumn of 1937, much to the chagrin of his neighbours. Once he located the missing bruin he had the undesirable task of shooting his beloved pet, as he felt he could no longer safely keep the animal. Fraser lamented the decision but took solace in the fact that the bear would remain part of the family — adorning their living room as a new rug.

These and many similar instances demonstrate that Canadians rarely treated bears as domestic pets in the manner reserved for dogs and cats. Bears were valued differently, and when their maintenance, and even risk factor, superseded their perceived value, they often ended up on the chopping block.

These vignettes illustrate just a few aspects of Canadians' complicated relationship with captive bears from the late-nineteenth century to the mid-twentieth. While Winnie of White River remains the best-known of the bunch, her rise to fame in a distant imperial metropolis cannot obscure the fact that most captive bears were not destined for a storybook ending. Some bears fell into captivity after being rescued by good-hearted people who could not stand to leave orphaned cubs in the wild. Others were taken from similar circumstances by profit-minded individuals, and still others were hunted down with the specific intention of their being made a captive. But regardless of how a bear came into captivity, a sad fate awaited most that did. Captive bears that showed signs of aggression, caused accidental injuries, or learned to escape were likely to be passed on to another owner, released back into environments to which they were unaccustomed, or killed.

Nothing about the nature of bears has changed since the middle decades of the twentieth century. What has changed are the values Canadians place on these animals and the ways we interact with them. Our relationship with bears has changed for the better, overall, and we have become both better informed and more compassionate in our dealings with them. Canadians no longer think of bears as viable candidates for captivity as pets or attractions; most believe their rightful place is in the wilderness, sometimes with protective measures. Although the practice of ordinary Canadians keeping bears as pets and mascots has fallen by the wayside, what lives on is the public's desire to observe bears — in the wild, beside a highway, in zoos and wildlife parks, on the printed page, and online. Looking beyond Winnie to the broader history of how Canadians have kept bears in cages, on chains, and in backyard pens goes some way toward explaining our continuing fascination with these animals and, ultimately, elucidating our own human nature.

LEFT PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA; LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA; BEN BRADLEY COLLECTION. RIGHT PAGE: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

THE BEAR ESSENTIALS

"BOUGHT BEAR $20." Little did Lieutenant Harry Colebourn know that the diary in which he recorded the purchase of Winnie the bear at White River, Ontario, would become a priceless artifact more than a hundred years later.

Colebourn's war diaries from 1914 to 1918 are the centrepiece of a new exhibit at Winnipeg's Assiniboine Park Pavillion Gallery Museum. Entitled Remembering the Real Winnie, the exhibit also includes photographs and other objects belonging to the First World War veterinarian who took the female bear cub overseas as a mascot. Winnie was the inspiration for author A.A. Milne's classic children's tales of Winnie-the-Pooh.

"Winnie had such a good temperament that she worked her way into the hearts of the soldiers of the regiment," curator Irene Gammel said at the exhibition's opening in November 2016.

The project was executed out of Ryerson University in Toronto and includes the exhibit as well as a film and a website – therealwinnie.ryerson.ca.

The free exhibit is on loan at the museum's Pooh Gallery until October 31, 2017. The Pooh Gallery also contains the showpiece oil painting *Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Pot* by E.H. Shepard, the original illustrator of Milne's books.

LAVA

A hiker walks the Armadillo Peak in British Columbia's Spectrum Range.

LAND

THE STORY OF CANADA'S VOLCANIC PAST IS WRITTEN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

BY FRANCOIS-XAVIER DE RUYDTS

FRANCOIS-XAVIER DE RUYDTS

The mountains of Canada's West Coast are spectacular, but what often gets missed are the volcanoes that come with those mountains. British Columbia, Yukon, and Alaska are situated on the Pacific Ring of Fire. The sulfurous hot springs found all over the region are more than just places to enjoy a soak; they are reminders of the vigorous activity taking place just below the surface, where shifting tectonic plates threaten to trigger earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Earthquakes are not uncommon — the last big one, at 7.7 magnitude, rolled through the Haida Gwaii region of B.C. in 2012. No casualties or structural damage resulted from this quake, but it did cause some hot springs to temporarily dry up. Volcanic eruptions are much less frequent.

Canada's last major eruption took place about 2,360 years ago at Mount Meager, a volcano northwest of Pemberton, B.C. As recently as October 2016, geologists were investigating the presence of new gas vents (fumaroles) atop this mountain. They discovered steam, carbon dioxide, and hydrogen sulphide escaping from the vents — but no sulphur dioxide, which could indicate the presence of magma and a potential volcanic eruption.

"We don't think an eruption is imminent," Natural Resources Canada volcanologist Melanie Kelman told the *Vancouver Sun*. "We think this is a new and interesting discovery of a fumarole field."

British Columbia has no less than ten volcanic fields and belts, each with a unique origin.

Among the most majestic of these are the volcanoes of the Mount Edziza volcanic complex in the northwestern part of the province. Located within what is known as the northern Cordilleran volcanic province, the complex includes the Spectrum Range, about fifty kilometres north of Mount Edziza. Named for its beautiful rock that contains every colour of the rainbow, the Spectrum Range offers one of the most stunning geological displays in Canada.

A few years ago, I crossed by foot the entirety of the Spectrum Range and Mount Edziza, from south to north, in eight memorable days. It is one of the few places remaining on earth where one can walk for days without noticing any sign of the presence of mankind. It is a truly magnificent journey into the distant past.

Mount Edziza, located within a remote provincial park that is without vehicle access, has been dormant for ten thousand years, but numerous small eruptions have taken place around it, creating more than thirty black cinder cones on the wild plains extending from the mountain's base. Formed about thirteen hundred years ago, the bare cones are perfectly symmetrical and unaltered by erosion, a sharp contrast to the vegetation around them.

Mount Edziza itself is a rugged mountain covered with a thick ice cap from which glaciers flow in all directions like lava. For those who want a glimpse of what Earth looked like before humans began to tread upon it, there is no better place to visit.

Indigenous peoples made heavy use of the area's obsidian — a type of volcanic glass. This was made into cutting blades and projectile points and traded throughout western North America.

FRANCOIS-XAVIER DE RUYDTS

The Nass Valley in Nisga'a Memorial Lava Bed Park, where an eruption about 250 years ago buried up to 2,000 people.

The northern Cordillera volcanic province (formerly known as the Stikine volcanic belt) extends north from northwestern British Columbia, close to the Alaska Panhandle, through Yukon, and on to the border of Alaska in a corridor hundreds of kilometres wide. This volcanic belt was formed about twenty million years ago by a phenomenon called continental rifting.

According to Kelly Russell, professor of volcanology at the University of British Columbia, the rifting occurred as the Pacific oceanic plate, steadily sliding northward along the Queen Charlotte fault, started stretching the continental crust at a rate of two centimetres per year. As the land was being pulled apart, deep faults formed in the crust parallel to the rift zone. Hot magma started making its way up these fractures and erupted at the surface, creating a volcanic arc that has become the most active volcanic area in Canada. It remains active to this day. The Queen Charlotte fault is also responsible for some of the largest earthquakes in recent history, such as a magnitude-8.1 earthquake on Haida Gwaii (formerly called the Queen Charlotte Islands) in 1949.

One of the most famous volcanoes of the northern Cordilleran province is the Tseax Cone, a volcano in the Nass Valley of northwestern B.C. that killed two thousand people two hundred and fifty years ago. Considered the worst geophysical disaster in Canada's known history, the story of the eruption was passed down through oral history.

According to the Nisga'a people, when smoke was seen rising from a nearby mountain, a scout was sent to investigate. By the time the scout came back to inform villagers of what he saw, a stream of lava had started to slide into the valley and towards their settlement. In a panic, some villagers fled to nearby mountaintops or canoed across the river to flee the burning flow, while others buried themselves in holes in the ground. Few survived, as most were overcome by poisonous volcanic gas.

Today, the area is part of Nisga'a Memorial Lava Bed Park — a provincial park managed jointly by the Nisga'a First Nation and British Columbia. Visitors can drive by the lava beds that in places rise twelve metres above the road, a sobering reminder of a tragic past. Visiting the Nass Valley feels like wandering in a graveyard — but a beautiful one — and one cannot help thinking about the many unfortunate people still buried underneath the hardened lava.

Top: The Spectrum Range in Mount Edziza Provincial Park, B.C.

Bottom Left: An unnamed gully in the Spectrum Range.

Bottom Right: Little Ball Valley and the slopes of Kounugu Mountain in the Spectrum Range.

In an earlier event around the year 803, a succession of incredible eruptions blew from the heart of Mount Churchill, located close to the present-day Yukon-Alaska border. Following the eruption, massive layers of volcanic ash blanketed 340,000 square kilometres of what is now Yukon and Northwest Territories, killing or adversely affecting all life in the area.

It's believed that the ecological disruptions triggered by the deposition of this ash had a profound impact on the Athapaskan people of the area, pushing them to disperse. These migrations are thought to have culminated in the formation of the Pacific Athapaskans and the Apache and Navajo of the southwestern United States.

Another area of interest to volcanologists in B.C. is the Juan de Fuca plate, which extends from southern Oregon to the north of Vancouver Island and is slowly subducting under the adjacent North American plate. As it plunges downward and pressure increases, the plate transforms, releasing liquids that melt adjacent rock. This magma then rises to the surface and has, over millions of years, created a chain of volcanoes called the Cascade volcanic arc.

In present-day Washington state, the active volcanoes of Mount Rainier, Mount Baker, and Mount St. Helens are all part of this volcanic arc. Mount St. Helens is notorious for a catastrophic eruption in 1980 that killed fifty-seven people and laid waste to a large area surrounding the mountain.

Meanwhile, the Anahim volcanic belt stretches about six hundred kilometres from just north of Vancouver Island to Quesnel in Interior B.C. The belt formed from a string of volcanic activity that moved eastward, with the last volcano — the Nazco cone — appearing 340,000 years ago about eighty kilometres west of present-day Quesnel. The Nazco cone last erupted only 7,200 years ago.

These volcanoes are thought by the scientific community to have been formed by hot spots — well-defined centres of upwelling magma that rises to the surface. When a continental or oceanic plate slides over a hot spot, the rising magma can poke through the crust and create a volcano. As the plate continues to drift, other volcanoes can form along the direction of drifting. Such phenomena are responsible for the formation of Iceland and the Hawaiian islands.

About four million years ago, when the ancestors of modern human beings — Australopithecus — became the first primates to stand on two feet, a vein of magma found its way to the surface just north of present-day Vancouver. In an explosive effusion of fire, it initiated the formation of the Cascade volcanic arc. The Canadian

FRANCOIS XAVIER DE RUYDTS

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

Volcanic eruptions have long wreaked havoc on the earth. Major eruptions in Peru in 1600, Iceland in 1783, and Indonesia in 1815 collectively killed millions of people worldwide due to poisonous gases and crop failures. Today, hundreds of volcanoes pose a continuing global threat. Here are a few that people worry about:

Yellowstone

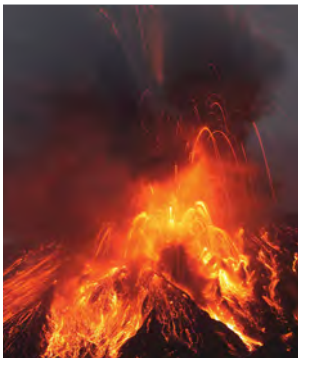
Underneath the bubbling sulphuric hot springs and erupting geysers of Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, lies a giant caldera with the potential to form a super volcano. Such an eruption would devastate the entire planet. However, the likelihood of this happening anytime soon is extremely small.

Vesuvius

This Italian volcano near Naples erupts about every two decades but has been quiet since 1944. Some fear that means a major buildup for the next eruption. It's most famous for burying the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii in AD 79. Plans to quickly evacuate up to 700,000 people are in place today.

Popocatpétl

About nine million people live within the blast radius of this volcano located about fifty kilometres from Mexico City. Popocatpétl means "smoking mountain." Its large, glacier-covered peak last erupted in 2000. Preventative evacuations of 41,000 people in nearby towns prevented a major catastrophe.



Sakurajima

Thousands of small explosions come from Sakurajima's peak every year, throwing ash onto the 700,000 residents of nearby Kagoshima, Japan. Fortunately, the city has special volcano shelters for people to go to when this happens. It's called the "Vesuvius of the east" for the frequency of its eruptions.

extension of this arc — the Garibaldi volcanic belt — today stretches all the way to Mount Silverthrone in the Coast Mountains, about three hundred kilometres northwest of Vancouver.

Among the first volcanoes to be formed in this belt was Mount Cayley, twenty kilometres west of the present-day ski-resort town of Whistler. But then, between 2.8 million and 11,700 years ago, something happened that changed the landscape so profoundly that the majority of volcanoes were either heavily reshaped or wiped off the surface of the earth: glaciation.

During the most recent ice age, what would become Vancouver was lying under a 1.5-kilometre-thick layer of ice. The glaciers eroded most geographical features like volcanoes and mountains down to their core. Yet volcanoes continued to erupt.

What happens when lava meets ice is the story of Mount Garibaldi.

Although it is only eighty kilometres north of Vancouver, many residents of Vancouver are not aware that this volcano is closer to the city than the more easily visible Mount Rainier in Washington state.

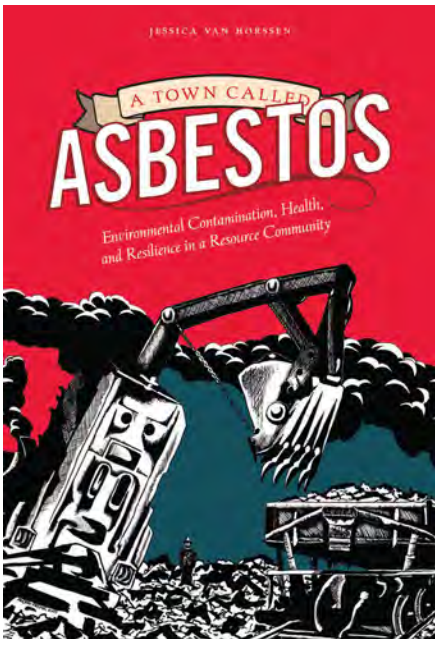
The unique, asymmetrical shape of Mount Garibaldi formed only thirteen thousand years ago, when the Squamish Valley was filled by a massive glacier. During a series of eruptions, rubble and ash landed on solid rock on the eastern side of the mountain, while on the western side the debris landed on an ice sheet. When the ice melted, the western side collapsed in a series of giant landslides that filled in the Squamish Valley.

Next to Mount Garibaldi is a formation called the Table. This formed when magma rose below an ice sheet and melted a large chamber. Upon contact with the surrounding ice, the molten rock rapidly cooled into a large block, and gravity flattened its upper surface. Once the ice had retreated, the block of lava that had hardened under the ice became a flat-top mountain.

And finally, not long before the ice retreated completely, a nearby volcano known today as Clinker Peak spewed lava that immediately hardened as it pounded against the retreating ice sheet, causing a dam to form across the valley. Known as the Barrier, the dam gave birth to Garibaldi Lake. These amazing features can be admired by hiking the renowned Garibaldi Lake Trail, twenty kilometres south of Whistler.

Volcanoes have shaped the landscape in which we live for the past two hundred million years and will continue to do so long after we have disappeared from the surface of the earth. One thing is for sure: They will keep erupting regardless of who is in the way and will always be reminders of how small we are.

// See more photos at CanadasHistory.ca/Volcanoes


JESSICA VAN HORSSEN
A TOWN CALLED
ASBESTOS
Environmental Contamination, Health, and Resilience in a Resource Community

HAZARDOUS EMBRACE

A Town Called Asbestos: Environmental Contamination, Health, and Resilience in a Resource Community

by Jessica Van Horssen
UBC Press, 253 pages, $32.95

Asbestos is one of those words that struggles under the burden of negative connotations. The mineral that once proved so useful due to its fire-retardant qualities is the root cause of numerous deadly illnesses, including asbestosis, mesothelioma, and lung cancer. For Canadian history buffs, the town of Asbestos, Quebec, is primarily noted for the long and brutal strike in 1949 that many cite as the starting point of the Quiet Revolution. These stories — of the town and of its namesake mineral — come together in Jessica Van Horssen's *A Town Called Asbestos: Environmental Contamination, Health, and Resilience in a Resource Community*.

While the mineral asbestos was discovered in southeastern Quebec in the late 1800s, the product did not enjoy a mass market until the years after the First World War. The Jeffrey Mine, the geographic and economic heart of Asbestos, was owned by the United States-based Johns-Manville Company. As with other resource communities, the town shared its fate with its largest employer. When business boomed and jobs were plentiful, the population grew, public works projects expanded, and local businesses prospered. By 1960, the mine extracted over twenty-five thousand tonnes of asbestos fibre on a daily basis, making it the world's single largest source of the product.

But not all was rosy within this picture. The aforementioned strike, fought over workers' pay and safety concerns, lasted 137 days and ended with minimal gains to show for the bitter and occasionally violent event. Likewise, as far back as 1929 the mine's owners were suppressing information concerning the mineral's dangerous effect on the health of those who were exposed to it — an odious act Van Horssen likens to the well-documented obfuscation campaign waged by the tobacco industry.

By the 1970s it became impossible to deny the deleterious impact asbestos had upon health, and global demand plummeted. In 1983 the Johns-Manville Company relinquished control of the mine. This, however, was not the end of the story of Asbestos as a community, or of the product, but rather the point where the town's citizens began to display their resilient nature. Utilizing political support and funding from the federal and provincial governments, the mine stayed open, and new markets for asbestos were found in developing nations with weaker public health and safety regulations. This continued until 2012, when support was finally cut and the Jeffrey Mine closed for good.

Today, the community struggles to survive. Efforts to diversify the local economy have been more miss than hit, and over the past thirty years the population has halved. Some believe that its very name is a hindrance to future development — but when the mayor tried to change it to something more palatable, such as Trois-Lacs or Phoenix, locals raised their objections. Rather than being ashamed of their past, it seems the townspeople who remain have embraced it with a certain moxie.

For those interested in the history of Asbestos, Quebec, this is the book to read. Thoroughly researched in the archives — it is, after all, based on a doctoral dissertation — *A Town Called Asbestos* situates this particular town within a broader context of resource communities. It also raises some important questions, not only about the survival of communities reliant upon a single major employer but also regarding our federal government's willingness to use its positive international profile to market a hazardous product to developing nations. Read this book and feel the author's moral outrage.

Reviewed by **Ryan O'Connor**, a writer, a historical consultant, and the author of the J.J. Talman Award-winning *The First Green Wave: Pollution Probe and the Origins of Environmental Activism in Ontario* (UBC Press).

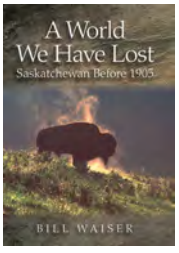
PRAIRIE ENCOUNTERS

A World We Have Lost: Saskatchewan Before 1905

by Bill Waiser
Fifth House, 733 pages, $70

The Banker and the Blackfoot: A Memoir of My Grandfather in Chinook Country

by J. Edward Chamberlin
Alfred A. Knopf Canada,
398 pages, $34.95



The cycle of life on the Canadian prairies has always revolved around the land. From Aboriginal reliance on the bison, to the pursuit by fur traders of the beaver, the dependence of European settlers on their

harvests of grain, and the critical role of oil, natural gas, and potash in the modern economy, it always goes back to the land.

Two books explore this reality from different perspectives. In *A World We Have Lost: Saskatchewan Before 1905*, noted historian Bill Waiser reveals a sweeping panorama of the archaeology and Indigenous life of the region and the factors that played into its development. J. Edward Chamberlin takes a more personal approach in *The Banker and the Blackfoot*, a memoir of his grandfather John Cowdry's pioneering adventures in the years before Saskatchewan and Alberta attained provincehood in 1905.

Waiser sets the stage with the arrival of Hudson's Bay Company trader Henry Kelsey in 1691. He has "entered a landscape never encountered before by a European … a new world, at least to him, featuring gently undulating grasslands, small isolated groves of aspen poplar, chains of wetlands, and occasional dense brush-filled ravines."

Kelsey was "allowed to enter an Aboriginal world that had its own distinct territories, nations, traditions, and legends." How the Europeans betrayed the goodwill shown them, forcing prairie First Nations into sickness, submission, and starvation, is a recurring theme of *A World We Have Lost*.

Almost half of this hefty, handsome book, replete with double-page colour spreads of the land, is devoted to the Hudson's Bay Company. Waiser credits it with having had a more humane attitude toward the original inhabitants than did Canadian politicians and bureaucrats after the purchase of Rupert's Land by the new Dominion of Canada in 1869.

Canadians had little interest in the Northwest but feared American expansionism after the United States bought Alaska. "If Englishmen will not go there, Yankees will," declared Sir John A. Macdonald. Waiser defends Macdonald against charges of racism, saying that if he "believed Indians were a hopelessly doomed people … he would not have wasted time dealing with them." Instead, Macdonald believed, "They had to be educated, Christianized, and enfranchised." Such thinking led to the horror of the residential schools.

Waiser charts the course of the Riel Rebellion, the faltering efforts to bring settlers to the West's fertile belt, and the eventual creation of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. "If Saskatchewan was going to secure its destiny, then Indians [and the Metis] were expected to ride off into oblivion and never be heard from again."

J. Edward Chamberlin's memoir of his grandfather's life in southern Alberta, where the Blackfoot held sway, offers a more optimistic tone. The point of view is that of the white settlers, but Chamberlin insists that they "tried to fashion a Commonwealth in Chinook country that would accommodate Blackfoot sovereignty and new settlement."

In Fort Macleod, John Cowdry found a town consisting of a "wide muddy lane with a row of dirty, half-finished wooden shanties." Riding down that street, Cowdry spotted a rider coming toward him. They eyed each other warily, communicating by sign language. Cowdry had met Crop Eared Wolf, adopted son of the chief of the Blood tribe of Blackfoot. Cowdry became known as Sorreltop Jack, for the burnt chestnut colour of both his hair and his horse. The two men would become lifelong friends and allies.

The white traders and settlers, according to Chamberlin, came with but one intention: to make money. Their entrepreneurial spirit led them to open stores and saloons, livery stables, hotels, and law offices and to build churches and schools. Most arrived with money in their saddlebags: government cash if they were North West Mounted Police (NWMP) or veterans of the Canadian militia; pay handed out by trail bosses if they were cowboys; or capital advanced by old country investors if they were ranchers. Even the Blackfoot had cash: Chiefs received twenty-five dollars per year and band members five dollars by the terms of Treaty Seven.

Although cowboys had a few coins in their pockets, their bosses needed access to credit while they awaited the proceeds of cattle sales. When Ned Maunsell, an ex-whisky trader, former NWMP member, and would-be cattle rancher, wrote home to Ireland for start-up money, he found no takers for the letter of credit he received. (Maunsell tried to ride to Fort Benton, in Montana, but he fell through the ice while crossing a river and froze his feet.)

John Cowdry told his brother Nathaniel, "That's what banks are for." The two launched the Cowdry Brothers Bank in Fort Macleod in 1886. It would thrive in the service of a growing population, allowing them to sell out to the Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1905 for a comfortable $105,904 — the equivalent of $2.5 million today. John invested part of his windfall in a twelve-thousand-head cattle ranch with Maunsell. He persevered, despite losing two wives and two children to various illnesses.

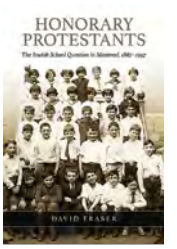
These books offer compelling accounts of how European society collided with Indigenous peoples in the West and how those on each side of the divide contended with the consequences.

Reviewed by **Ray Argyle**, a frequent contributor to *Canada's History*. His historical novel *An Act of Injustice* will be published in April 2017.

PRAGMATIC ACCOMMODATION

"Honorary Protestants": The Jewish School Question in Montreal, 1867–1997

by David Fraser
University of Toronto Press,
529 pages, $85



Are Jewish students Catholics? Are they Protestants? Or what are they? For nearly 150 years, the "Jewish school question" troubled Quebec's education system. How this was managed through social, legal, and political compromises, within a context of some intolerance and inequality, is the central theme of the fascinating book *"Honorary Protestants"*.

David Fraser, a Canadian-trained law professor at the University of Nottingham, has written a detailed study on the evolution of Quebec's faith-based schools that were so important to the life of Montreal's Jewish community. These arrangements were a testing ground for "reasonable accommodation" and created an early form of Canadian multicultural policy.

The story begins in the 1840s, when

Quebec (then Canada East) established local school boards along religious lines. Catholic education was effectively under Church control while Protestant schools, although more diverse in their denominations, were also faith-led.

The faith-based system in Quebec and the other British North American colonies was meant to be protected by Section 93 of the 1867 British North America Act. This undertaking was central to the Confederation pact. Neither of the dominant Christian religions would be able impose its schooling and values on the other — it was a great Canadian solution.

Subsequent education decisions (notably in New Brunswick in 1870, Manitoba in 1890, and Ontario in 1912) moved Canada away from Confederation's spirit of compromise. Judges interpreted the BNA Act in its barest legalist bones, while politicians were hardly concerned with local minorities as they reduced (or eliminated) both Catholic and French-language public schooling.

Quebec was the exception. Its balance of Protestants and Catholics, English speakers and French, ensured that the BNA Act's protection for minority education would remain functional and effective.

Fraser examines the impacts in Quebec after the arrival of many Jewish immigrants from Europe. Which denominational school system would accept these new "foreign" immigrants? How would Jewish property owners be taxed? How would Christian values still be taught within existing schools? And could Jewish students receive their own cultural and religious education within a public system?

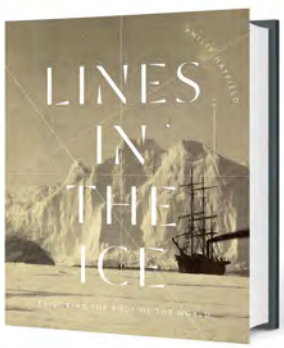
Early compromises and half measures reflected prejudices that were both common and continuing. At different times, Jews were administered as if they were Catholics. Then they were Protestants. Sometimes they were barely tolerated, but at other times they were welcomed. Hence Fraser's intriguing book title: *"Honorary Protestants"*.

Local school boards faced political, legal, and moral challenges. There were conflicts about how to respond to Jewish community leaders who wanted civic education with a strong sense of loyalty to British-style institutions. There were conflicts, as well, between different viewpoints and congregations within the Jewish community.

Christian leaders — sometimes Catholics but mainly Protestants — supported their own faiths but also created accommodations that went beyond the provisions of Canada's and Quebec's laws. These compromises were not perfect, but they worked and were modified over time. In Fraser's scholarly words, "solutions to these competing rights claims often exceeded or went outside the strict parameter of positive legality."

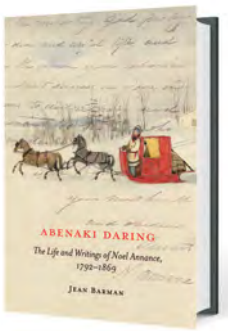
This very thorough study concludes with the 1997 constitutional amendment that replaced Quebec's denominational boards with a language-based education system.

Fraser's underlying thesis is that tenacity and compromise, as much as legal formulas and court judgments, are essential



Lines in the Ice
Exploring the Roof of the World
PHILIP J. HATFIELD
Cloth, 120 colour photos, 256pp

"Along the way it provides, for a region too often regarded as blank, cold and monotonous, a rich and fully-dimensional counterpoint: these lines in the ice are *our* lines, and its histories are as germane to our own modern identity as those of any of the Earth's more temperate regions."
The Arctic Book Review



Abenaki Daring
The Life and Writings of Noel Annance, 1792–1869
JEAN BARMAN
Cloth, 12 photos, 400pp

"… tells the story of Noel Annance whose life and career spanned the continent. The challenges he faced as an Abenaki student, as a Hudson's Bay Company clerk, and as a political activist shed new light on the history of Aboriginal education, the social history of the fur trade, and Abenaki history in his times, as he and his people coped with intensifying political and economic pressures."
Jennifer S.H. Brown, University of Winnipeg

NEW IN PAPERBACK
Occupied St John's
A Social History of a City at War, 1939–1945
EDITED BY STEVEN HIGH
Paperback, 152 b&w photos, 336pp

"This is an impressive work – and a gorgeous one. From its striking cover to its abundance of illustrations, it is crisply designed and visually engaging. From its categorical table of contents to its calibrated notes and footnotes it is a trove of information."
Newfoundland Quarterly

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for public policies promoting tolerance.

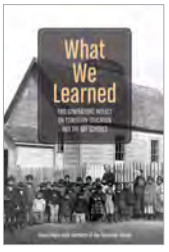
Reading his book, I remembered my own years in a Montreal Protestant school where, with thousands of other Jews, I recited the Lord's Prayer, read from the Bible, but also received time off for our religious holidays. Quebec's style of pragmatic accommodation, had it prevailed historically in Manitoba, New Brunswick, and Ontario, could have led those provinces to avoid damaging injustices to French-language education — and consequent difficulties for this country.

Reviewed by **Victor Rabinovitch**, who for eleven years was the president of the Canadian Museum of Civilization (now the Canadian Museum of History) and is an adjunct professor at Queen's University.

TEACHING CULTURE

What We Learned: Two Generations Reflect on Tsimshian Education and the Day Schools

by Helen Raptis with members of the Tsimshian Nation
UBC Press, 223 pages, $32.95



Too many stories are still untold; too many memories have been lost to the ages; too many biases have coloured our view of the past. That is why a book such as this one is a treasure, an overdue and culturally aware look at a forgotten aspect of the education of Indigenous children in British Columbia.

While the history of residential schools has become well-known in recent years, those were not the only schools attended by First Nations children. Many attended "Indian day schools" that had been set up in their own communities but were separate from the public schools attended by non-Indigenous children.

The day school featured in *What We Learned: Two Generations Reflect on Tsimshian Education and the Day Schools* was in Port Essington, on the Skeena River near Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Students from Port Essington also attended public schools there and in Terrace, as well as residential schools.

Author Helen Raptis, an associate professor in the Faculty of Education at the University of Victoria, took great care to create a respectful relationship with the former students and to ensure that their stories are presented with an acknowledgement of traditional Tsimshian ways of teaching. Her account of that effort could be a guide to future historical efforts among Indigenous communities.

In this book, former students Mildred Roberts, Wally Miller, Sam Lockerby, Verna Inkster, Clifford Bolton, Harvey Wing, Charlotte Guno, Don Roberts Junior, Steve Roberts, Richard Roberts, Carol Sam, and Jim Roberts offer their perspectives on education.

The day school in Port Essington was closed in 1947, four years before the federal government officially ended segregated schooling in 1951. The number of students attending the non-Indigenous public school had dropped so low that it seemed pointless to have two schools. In the 1960s, two major fires meant most residents of Port Essington moved away, with many going to Terrace.

In Port Essington, students lived with their families within walking distance of school and were often able to go home for lunch. That changed when they had to attend public schools, which were much less personal.

There are also differences in the experiences of the students. The earlier generation going to day schools experienced more abuse in the education system than the later one did, but the later generation that went to public schools faced more discrimination. The earlier generation was able to retain more of the Tsimshian culture, language, and values.

The former students who worked with Raptis tell of good times, such as learning skills they used for the rest of their lives, and of bad times, such as being forced to speak English rather than their own languages. It can be hard for an outsider to understand what it must have been like for these students, who were expected to conform to unfamiliar rules and meet unfamiliar expectations, but this book makes it possible to appreciate what the children went through and the impact the experience had on their lives.

Raptis lists all of the teachers who taught at the day school and includes basic biographical information on some of them. Not surprisingly, it was difficult to find and to retain qualified teachers for a relatively isolated school. Does that justify the fact that a teacher who admitted to sexual interference with three boys did not face criminal charges? No.

Official records usually deal with administration and buildings, not with people. *What We Learned* helps to close that gap and promotes a greater understanding of the impact of an education system that was imposed on Indigenous peoples.

Reviewed by **Dave Obee**, a member of the board of Canada's History Society and editor-in-chief of the *Times Colonist* in Victoria.

MORE BOOKS

Dam Builders: The Natural History of Beavers and Their Ponds

by Michael Runtz
Fitzhenry & Whiteside,
330 pages, $45

Michael Runtz is an award-winning university professor, naturalist, nature photographer, and the author of several books on the subject of natural history.

His book *Dam Builders* is wonderfully illustrated with hundreds of photographs, most of which were taken by the author over almost three decades of studying and enjoying wildlife in their natural settings. While a good number of the photos are of beavers and their structures, many are of other creatures impacted by beavers' dam building, including mammals, birds, and insects.

I must confess, I have been interested in these animals since I started working at *The Beaver* magazine (now *Canada's History*) over fifteen years ago, and this book provides a fascinating insight into these amazing creatures. Runtz covers everything from their evolution and the variety of species, to their impact on our country (both economically and ecologically), to their distinctive

physiological characteristics and behaviours.

Incredibly, the longest beaver dam in the world is visible from space! Located in Alberta's Wood Buffalo National Park, it spans an astonishing 850 metres.

This book will make a great addition to the library of anyone interested in Canada's national animal, and it's an excellent coffee table book for anybody's collection.
— *Danielle Chartier*

Emily Carr As I Knew Her

by Carol Pearson
Touchwood Editions, 165 pages, $19.95

Carol Pearson was seven years old when she began to take painting and clay modelling classes at "Miss Carr's" Victoria studio. The bond with her teacher was one of mutual passions: a love of animals, art, the oral and written word, and the land. Emily Carr called her young protegé Baboo, and Pearson referred to Carr as Mom.

In *Emily Carr As I Knew Her*, Pearson vividly depicts the art studio and classroom. Pails of clay and paint and hundreds of Carr's paintings surrounded a long, solid work table with chairs and stools for the students. A sensible wood stove sat in front of the unused fireplace. Three easy chairs could be brought down by rope and pulley for visitors or prospective buyers. These were whipped back up as the guests rose to their feet — if Carr felt the person was "a bore" or a "time-waster."

Carr's beloved monkey, Woo, sat in the middle of the table, "helping." Her Persian cat lay in one corner under the parrot's cage, and three of the Belgian Griffon dogs she bred were her constant companions. The pet menagerie went with them on their frequent outings, where Carr produced many of her finest paintings.

Pearson depicts a Carr few people got to know — a practical lady with a sharp sense of humour, a kind-hearted person, and an ardent naturalist. Her book is a beautiful read that you will not want to put down.
— *Beverley Tallon*

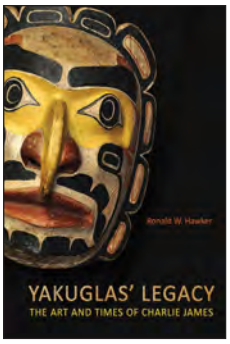
My Brother's Keeper: African Canadians and the American Civil War

by Brian Prince
Dundurn Press, 352 pages, $26.99

My Brother's Keeper is an interesting collection of little-known stories about the ways African Canadians and Americans sought to build better lives for themselves prior to, during, and after the American Civil War. You might be forgiven for assuming that the focus is on black soldiers and the Underground Railroad, but this book also highlights the experiences of doctors, nurses, chaplains, recruiters, immigrants, and refugees.

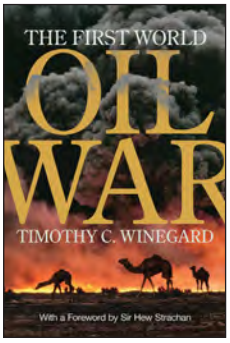
I found the chapter "The War at Home" particularly compelling. Author Bryan Prince describes how, prior to the outbreak of the American Civil War, West Africa and Haiti were considered places to recolonize, where African Americans and African Canadians could govern themselves, free from prejudice and free to rebuild their lives.

New from University of Toronto Press



Yakuglas' Legacy
The Art and Times of Charlie James
by Ronald W. Hawker

Yakuglas' Legacy, a beautiful and poignant book with 123 colour illustrations, examines the life and art of Charlie James, a premier carver, painter, and activist from the Kwakwaka'wakw First Nation of British Columbia.



The First World Oil War
by Timothy Winegard

This groundbreaking study traces the evolution of oil as a catalyst for both war and diplomacy and connects the events of the First World War to contemporary petroleum geo-politics and international aggression.

SickKids
The History of The Hospital for Sick Children
by David Wright

From a local hospital serving underprivileged children in the Ward to a world-leader in pediatric care, the growth of SickKids is an essential part of the history of medicine in Canada.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Advancing Knowledge

COURTESY GOOSE LANE EDITIONS

THRILL-SEEKER In this 1930 photograph taken in New York City, Aloha Wanderwell stands to the right of a modified Ford Model T with her travelling companion, Walter Wanderwell. Aloha – actually Canadian Idris Hall – became famous while travelling around the world in the 1920s, visiting places where cars were a rarity and passable roads were hard to find. In *Aloha Wanderwell: The Border-Smashing, Record-Setting Life of the World's Youngest Explorer* (Goose Lane Editions, 424 pages, $24.95), Christian Fink-Jensen and Randolph Eustace-Walden draw from diaries, newspaper accounts, and previously classified documents to tell of her many adventures.

Plans for West Africa were quickly dropped when the war broke out, as it was reasoned that putting efforts into winning the American war would make life better for African Americans. However, several groups continued their plans for the "Haytian emigration scheme," enticed with free passage, the offer of free fertile land, and rumours of the Caribbean island being a haven for black people.

However, questions arose about the high rates of illness and death among travellers, and those who were able to escape back to Canada reported horrific news of brutality and government negligence. Abolitionists in favour of assimilation had always been against the plan, while those who were originally supportive eventually condemned it. Within a few years, the scheme ended.

Abundantly illustrated with photographs, this hefty book is well-supported with endnotes, bibliography, and index. — *Tanja Hütter*

Soviet Princeton: Slim Evans and the 1932–33 Miners' Strike

by Jon Bartlett and Rika Ruebsaat
New Star Books, 134 pages, $19

In *Soviet Princeton*, traditional-song performers Jon Bartlett and Rika Ruebsaat tackle the history of a small town located in southern British Columbia. When the Great Depression hit Princeton in the 1930s, miners suffered greatly. Hundreds in the region were laid off, and workers at the Tulameen mine lost ten per cent of their pay.

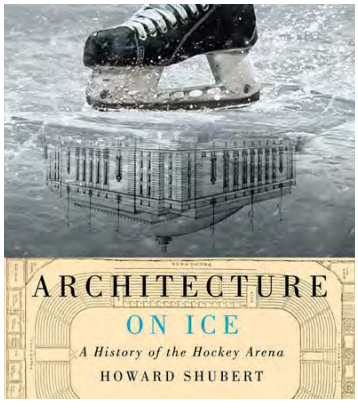
Many miners saw no choice but to seek help from the Workers' Unity League — which they received in the form of charismatic labour activist Arthur Herbert "Slim" Evans, a major character in *Soviet Princeton*.

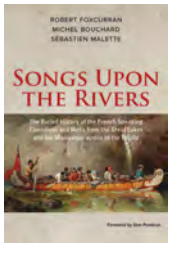
Tulameen miners unionized and went on strike, and soon the town was divided. The ensuing tensions sparked a series of extreme events, including eleven policemen on horseback charging into a picket line; the beating of a union supporter; the kidnapping of Slim Evans; and the burning of crosses on a hill

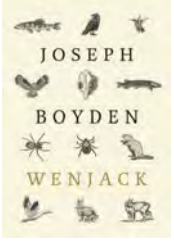
overlooking the town by the Ku Klux Klan.

Soviet Princeton focuses on public documents rather than oral history — a decision made by the authors to avoid dislodging harmful memories in the community — and offers a fascinating glimpse into the town's public life. Newspaper articles from the *Princeton Star* and *The Unemployed Worker*, along with excerpts from pamphlets, posters, and songs, reflect the perspectives of various social groups and individuals. For instance, readers won't soon forget the virulent fear of communism that was perhaps best embodied by *Star* editor Dave Taylor: "Your fellow citizens are asking you … whether you want prosperity or ruin; whether you want Canada or Russia?"

The rhetoric, attitudes, and motivations at play in the small town are set within the broader context of Canadian politics and labour movements, and the authors employ a compelling combination of conventional and scholarly storytelling methods. It will surely appeal to a broad range of readers. — *Joanne DeCosse*







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Q&A

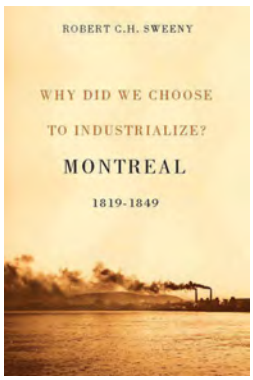
Giving up the past

Author investigates the roots of social change in nineteenth-century Montreal

Robert Sweeny, professor of history at Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador, received the prestigious Sir John A. Macdonald Prize for his book Why Did We Choose to Industrialize? Montreal 1819–1849. *Sweeny, who is originally from Montreal, was named the winner of the five-thousand-dollar prize last May from the Canadian Historical Association, which awards the prize annually to the book judged to have made the most significant contribution to an understanding of Canada's past. The winner also receives the Governor General's History Award for Scholarly Research, which Sweeny accepted in November. He spoke recently with* Canada's History *senior editor Nelle Oosterom.*

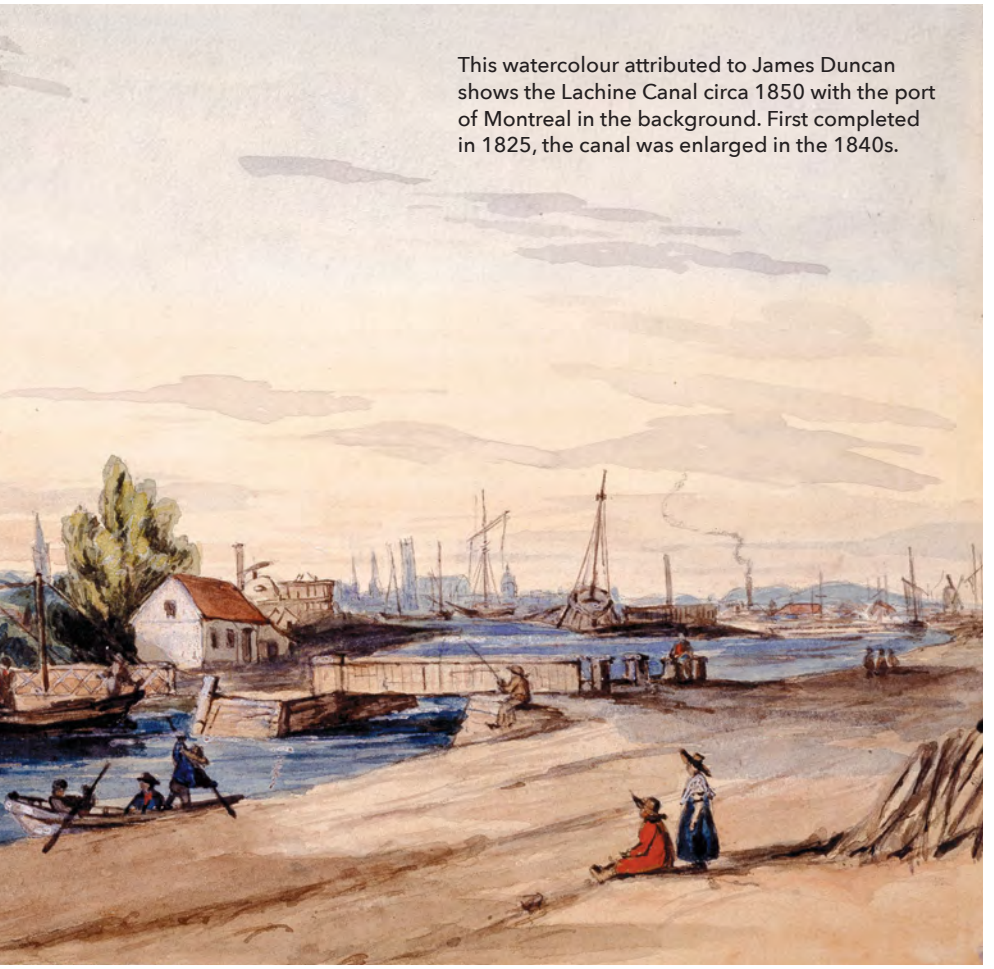
What is your book about?

It's about changes in the way we think about the world, the way we think about nature, about how relations between men and women should be, and how we relate to things. All those changes in the way we thought about things resulted in changes in action and how we treated people and treated nature. And those changes, I argue, are necessary in order for industrialization to take place. We discussed these changes and we chose — and the "we" is everyone. My argument is that industrialization flowed from widespread social change in attitudes and ideas and relationships.



How did you research this book?

The book chronicles about thirty-six years of working in the archives, on and off, and working on different projects of my own. In fact, the book is organized as a journey of discovery. It starts with me as a grad student at McGill University in 1976, and you follow my research trajectory. I did end up working on the 1840s after I'd worked on the 1820s; and at the very end of the book there is a chapter that explores what industrialized Montreal looked like, so it focuses in on 1880. And that's part of a much larger project I've been involved in since the year 2000, called Montréal, l'avenir du passé, which means the future of the past. It's a historical GIS [geographical information system] project that I co-direct with Sherry Olson, and which is still ongoing.



This watercolour attributed to James Duncan shows the Lachine Canal circa 1850 with the port of Montreal in the background. First completed in 1825, the canal was enlarged in the 1840s.

MCCORD MUSEUM

Tell us about one specific area of research that you touch on in your book.

One of the things that is central to the book is exploring how we think about property, and the way in which property used to be something that many families would have had access to after marriage, and how property became something that only a relatively limited number of people had access to, and most people ended up being tenants, and how that factors into the relationships between men and women — because, of course, property [land, buildings, natural resources] has historically been gendered male, and movables [personal property] have been gendered female.

Those changing relationships about property within the family are central to what I'm doing, and in order to look at that it required trying to establish who owned each piece of land in the city from 1825 to 1846 and 1880 and then linking that to census materials, to maps that we created — a pretty complex process of linking source material to visual representations and then trying to understand how the proximity, or not, of people to particular sites mattered in the way in which the quality of life changed over time as the city became more and more ready for industrialization.

What I would like to stress is that the book stops in 1849, which is the year of the opening of the first of the factories. I'm not interested in factory life in the book. I'm interested in what changes committed us to industrialize, and that was the question I started with initially — what permitted us [to industrialize] — and then over time I realized that I was asking the wrong question. The question was, why did we choose? What was the attraction to it? What were we giving up? Why did we give up what we gave up — the way society existed before — and what do we think we are going to get by moving into this new type of relationship between people, and between people and nature?

CANADA'S HISTORY TOP SELLERS

1. **Songs Upon the Rivers: The Buried History of the French-Speaking Canadiens and Métis,** *by Robert Foxcurran, Michel Bouchard, and Sébastien Malette*
2. **The Little Third Reich on Lake Superior: A History of Canadian Internment Camp R,** *by Ernest Robert Zimmermann*
3. **Hostages to Fortune: The United Empire Loyalists and the Making of Canada,** *by Peter C. Newman*
4. **A World We Have Lost: Saskatchewan Before 1905,** *by Bill Waiser*
5. **Scoundrels, Dreamers & Second Sons: British Remittance Men in the Canadian West,** *by Mark Zuehlke*
6. **The Vimy Trap: or, How We Learned to Love the Great War,** *by Ian McKay and Jamie Swift*
7. **The Banker and the Blackfoot: A Memoir of My Grandfather in Chinook Country,** *by J. Edward Chamberlin*
8. **The Promise of Canada: 150 Years – People and Ideas That Have Shaped Our Country,** *by Charlotte Gray*
9. **Sir John's Table: The Culinary Life and Times of Canada's First Prime Minister,** *by Linda Mechefske*
10. **Trudeaumania,** *by Paul Litt*
11. **Wenjack,** *by Joseph Boyden*
12. **All the Fine Young Eagles: In the Cockpit with Canada's Second World War Fighter Pilots,** *by David L. Bashow*
13. **Architecture on Ice: A History of the Hockey Arena,** *by Howard Shubert*
14. **Trudeaumania: The Rise to Power of Pierre Elliot Trudeau,** *by Robert Wright*
15. **The Great Class War 1914–1918,** *by Jacques R. Pauwels*

Based on purchases of new and recent Canadian history titles by visitors to **CanadasHistory.ca/Books**

"The work of indigenizing education and working towards the goal of reconciliation cannot be achieved by Indigenous educators alone. It must be a system-wide commitment."
Anne Tenning
CANADA'S HISTORY

Past Governor General's Teaching Award winner Anne Tenning speaks during a panel discussion at the Canada's History Forum in Ottawa.

Inspiring change

Canada's history champions honoured at Governor General's History Awards.

by Janet Walker

Twenty years ago, Governor General Roméo LeBlanc, together with Canada's History Society, launched a new award program to celebrate exemplary history teachers. LeBlanc, a former teacher, knew that this recognition would inspire new generations of both teachers and students.

Since then, the Governor General's History Awards has become an annual celebration of teachers, leaders in popular media and in scholarly research, as well as museum professionals and community volunteers.

Last November, Canada's History and its partner organizations gathered at in Ottawa to honour the 2016 winners. As well, before a standing-room-only crowd, leaders in the Indigenous, scholarly, and educational communities came together for the Canada's History Forum on Engaging Authentic Indigenous Histories.

Canada's History salutes all history champions — both this year's winners, and the more than 160 honourees from previous years. Their work is inspiring change, building confidence, and influencing new generations of storytellers.

As we mark the 150th anniversary of Confederation, these history educators and leaders are helping to navigate the course to Canada 150 — and beyond.

View the 2016 Canada's History Forum at www.CanadasHistory.ca/HistoryForum.

ANDREW WORKMAN

Clockwise from top left: Governor General David Johnston, centre, presents teachers Lori Buchanan, left, and Adam Pounder, right, with their award.

Chris Stamper, SVP corporate marketing, TD Bank Group, left, and History Makers Gala MC Alexandre Despatie.

Award recipients attend the presentation ceremony at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

Randy Boissonnault, parliamentary secretary to the minister of Canadian Heritage.

Pierre Berton Award winner Merna Forster.

Elder Claudette Commanda of Kitigan Zibi Anishinabeg Algonquin First Nation speaks at the Wabano Centre for Aborginal Health, Ottawa.

From left, Young Citizens Sarah Krause, Kasi Kafka-Kotelko, and Sukhmandip Kang create art at the National Centre for Truth and Reconciliation's Imagine a Canada workshop at the Wabano Centre.

ANDREW WORKMAN, BRITTANY GAWLEY, RIDEAU HALL

4TH COUSIN
10 people
Possible range: 4th - 6th cousins
Confidence: Very High
Last logged in Nov 23, 2016
No family tree
Possible range: 4th - 6th cousins
Confidence: High
Last logged in Nov 27, 2016
9 people
Possible range: 4th - 6th cousins
Confidence: High
Last logged in Nov 15, 2016
2,761 people
Possible range: 4th - 6th cousins
Confidence: Good
Last logged in Dec 1, 2016

The author's DNA test results from AncestryDNA identified thousands of potential relatives. Shown here are several that can be explored in detail.

Match making

DNA testing, sometimes a gimmick, can also be a godsend for genealogists. *by Paul Jones*

The "bestest best boy in the land" recently had his DNA tested. It turns out he's a beagle mix with a gazillion undifferentiated hound varieties — basically a nose on legs.

Is DNA testing a gimmick or the real deal? That's the question most often put these days to experienced genealogists by members of the interested public — for example, the readers of this magazine and their ilk. Even dogs are doing it. Should you?

As discussed last time ("Origin stories," October-November 2016), DNA testing to determine ethnicity has limited value for anyone who knows the origins of all four grandparents (unlike my dog!).

But if you have gaps in your family tree within the past five or six generations, or if you have some other reason to contact distant cousins, then autosomal DNA testing is for you. And yes, it's the real deal.

Don't be put off by the jargon. "Autosomal DNA" simply refers to the genetic material in your twenty-two non-sex chromosomes. This is the DNA you inherited, fifty per cent from each parent, and, on average, twenty-five per cent from each grandparent, 12.5 per cent from each great-grandparent, and so on. Actual percentages fluctuate, sometimes greatly, due to randomness in DNA recombination in successive generations.

Other kinds of DNA, which we'll discuss in a future column, follow different inheritance patterns and cannot be analyzed statistically in the same way.

Testing companies look at hundreds of thousands of markers on your autosomal DNA, compare you with every other person in their databases, and apply statistical algorithms to estimate relationships, such as sibling, first cousin once removed, fourth cousin, whatever. You, the consumer, receive a list of your matches, such as the one illustrated, including estimated relationships and ancillary information that varies from one testing company to another.

The results can be magical.

An adoptee identifies birth parents and half siblings she never knew she had (nor they her). A distant cousin sends an antique photo of an ancestor whose face you thought was lost to human memory. New relatives from halfway around the world invite you to visit the homeland.

First, though, you need to contact your matches to compare notes. Don't be afraid to bug them if you don't hear back. Failure to respond can be a nagging problem with this kind of research.

Autosomal testing does have other limitations. While false positives are not common if results are interpreted with care, the closeness of relationships can be overestimated between two people who descend from the same culturally or geographically isolated population, such as Ashkenazi Jews, Icelanders, Newfoundlanders, Mennonites, and others. In such cases, the statistical algorithms have difficulty distinguishing between matching bits of DNA that derive from a common ancestor ("IBD," or "identical by descent") and those that are a feature of the source population ("IBS," or "identical by state").

For most of us, false negatives will be a bigger concern. Once we reach back a few generations, we inherit relatively little identifiable DNA from each ancestor and none from some. As a consequence, current autosomal tests miss about ten per cent of third cousins, fifty per cent of fourth cousins, and exponentially higher proportions of more remote relations. Even full-genome sequencing, perhaps an affordable option by 2020, may not improve these statistics by more than a fraction.

How do we fight statistical uncertainty? With weight of numbers. We need to test not only ourselves but also our siblings, first cousins, second cousins, and so on. This way you maximize the odds that someone close to you will match the lost cousins you're seeking, even if you do not.

Even before testing you and your cousins, though, there's another group that should be accorded the highest priority: any surviving members of your parents' generation. Once they're gone, so is their DNA.

To avoid needless blunders and to answer questions you may have, do some reading before purchasing your first test.

The International Society of Genetic Genealogy provides an information-rich wiki. Check it out here: http://isogg.org/wiki/Genetic_genealogy. Next time: some case studies that illustrate the power of autosomal DNA testing — among humans.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogist.

COURTESY PAUL JONES; ILLUSTRATED BY TIFFANY JOY THUNDER

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Tuesday August 8 - Monday August 14, 2017

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TRAIN BERTH $2,745.00 +GST or TRAIN ROOM $3,195.00 +GST P/P Double Occ. Single supplement $300.00

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Travel on a 5-day, 4-night guided tour to the isolated HBC York Factory site. View fur trade routes on the train ride from Winnipeg to Gillam and back (1 night on the train each way). From Gillam (2 nights) board a jet boat for a day trip down the Nelson and Hayes rivers. Relive the York boat routes – without all the paddling and pain! View the (failed) Port Nelson area and the York Factory site with its HBC cemetery and warehouse built in 1831. See displays where the fur trade stays frozen in time.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

An aerial view of Red Bay National Historic Site in Labrador.

Whale of a tale

Explore the history of sixteenth-century Basque whalers at Red Bay, Labrador. *by Diane Slawych*

THE QUIET FISHING TOWN OF RED BAY, Newfoundland and Labrador, population 264, is not a place most Canadians could readily find on a map. But in the sixteenth century, Gran Baya, as it was then known, bustled with activity as the centre of the largest whale oil production facility in the world.

Basque mariners from northern Spain and France came by the hundreds to what is today the Strait of Belle Isle off the coast of Labrador to hunt bowhead and North Atlantic right whales. As many as fifty ships, each with a crew of fifty to seventy-five men, would cross the ocean each spring and remain for eight months every year from the 1540s to the early 1600s.

From their network of shore stations, which included rendering ovens, cooperages, workshops, temporary dwellings, and wharves, they set about rendering the blubber into oil and assembling the wooden barrels needed to bring the commodity home to Europe. Whale oil was once a valuable lighting fuel (it burned brighter than the more common vegetable oils) and was also used in a wide range of other products including paint and soap.

This intriguing chapter in Canada's history was all but forgotten until the 1970s, when historical geographer Selma Barkham, who was researching Basque archives, found vague references to whaling in Labrador. By 1979, Red Bay became a National Historic Site of Canada. In June 2013, it received worldwide recognition as a UNESCO World Heritage site for being the earliest, most comprehensive, and best-preserved archaeological testimony of a pre-industrial whaling station.

Thousands of artifacts connected to the life and work of the sixteenth-century Basque whalers in Canada have been found and put on display in the visitor orientation centre in Red Bay and the nearby visitor interpretation centre. Items include harpoons, wooden plates, clothing, and the earliest known original will written in Canada. Dated June 22, 1577, the last will and testament of Juan Martinez de Larrume asks that monies be donated to various church causes and details names of those to whom he owes money and those who owe him.

Other important artifacts remain below the surface of the bay, including three Basque galleons and four small whaling craft that are generally considered to make up one of the most precious underwater archaeological sites in the Americas.

DESTINATIONLABRADOR.COM © BARRETT & MACKAY PHOTO

A restored *chalupa* on display at Red Bay's visitor orientation centre.

One of those smaller boats, an eight-metre-long wooden vessel called a *chalupa*, was brought to the surface, restored over a twelve-year period, and now sits on display in a temperature-controlled environment at the orientation centre.

The Basque mariners set up most of their operations on Saddle Island — a one-minute boat ride away. On this tiny, tranquil island, you can hear the calls of herring gulls and black-backed gulls that nest on the opposite side of the island and see the highly prized cloudberries (known locally as bakeapples) ripening on the grassy hills in the summer.

Visitors, who are few in number, can follow a narrow, meandering dirt path dotted with thirty-four markers indicating various historic Indigenous and Basque sites. Most are now just depressions in the ground. They include the locations of numerous "tryworks" — used to hold and heat copper cauldrons in which whale blubber was melted — and a cooperage where barrel makers worked and lived.

The trail winds past a rusted, half-sunken French ship, the *Bernier* (a recent wreck that sank in 1966). Hidden beneath the waves nearby is a galleon loaded with eight hundred barrels of oil, which broke its anchor during a storm in 1565 and sank in Red Bay harbour. The sunken ship, believed by some to be the *San Juan de Pasajes*, was discovered in 1978. Over the course of seven years, experts dismantled the ship, recorded its inventory, and then returned it to the harbour. A small-scale model of the ship, as well as artifacts recovered from the wreck, are on display at the site.

At the western end of the island is a cemetery that holds the remains of 140 whalers buried in sixty graves. It is believed that many of them died from drowning or exposure. The graves are marked by large stones, some of them arranged in a row.

By the early 1600s, the Basques mariners abandoned the Labrador coast. Whether it was due to the decline in the whale stocks, or some other reason, no one knows for sure.

Diane Slawych is a Toronto-based writer.

Forest camp

This photograph was taken in 1936 at Camp 14, a portable sawmill operating on the east side of the Kootenay River, more than twenty kilometres from Canal Flats, British Columbia. The camp was operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the workers were cutting railway ties from larch logs.

The mills operated in all seasons and were well-suited to British Columbia's dry interior forests. The CPR had extensive tie reserves in the Kootenay River Valley, and the portable mill was moved around the cut block as needed.

In the middle of the photo is Gordon Kennedy, holding a dog named Pug. On the right is Jim Robinson, who was born in Lethbridge in May 1905, just a few months before Alberta became a province. Robinson had a long career in the British Columbia Forest Service, ending as a scaling inspector in the Kamloops Forest District.

As can be seen in the photo, hard hats were not required in 1936! Frozen logs were among the hazards for workers, and Robinson had his front teeth knocked out shortly after this photo was taken.

Submitted by George Robinson of Castlegar, British Columbia, son of Jim Robinson.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be cropped or adjusted as necessary for presentation in the magazine. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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